

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 25, 1967

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Refresh without filling



COVER: JOHNNY SAXTON AND CARMEN BASILIO
Photograph by Gerry Winograd

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Each of these young men has won the world's welter-weight championship from the other, and this week in Cleveland they are at it again for the third and rubber match, with Basilio (in robe) favored to retain the title. For a PREVIEW of the SPECTACLE, see page 36.

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Ten pages of moving and exciting photographs capture the first hotting steps, and later the winning strides, of a 1951 foal who raced from obscurity to contention for this year's Kentucky Derby

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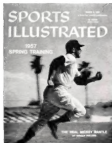
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MICKEY MANTLE IN WORDS AND DRAWINGS

In the most perceptive story yet written about the biggest star in baseball, Gerald Holland tells what Mickey Mantle is really like. Plus five pages of sketches catching the power of Mickey in action and four pages of spring training in solar

PLUS A PREVIEW OF HIALEAH'S BIG RACE, STEPPINGSTONE TO THE DERBY



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Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



CHUCK BLAKESLEE, editor and publisher of *The Skin Dive*, poses reflectively in *Janzen's Curved Club Shirt*, of fine Cotton jersey, knit in a live-on-tune pattern. Sizes S-M-L, \$5.95. Shown with *Janzen* slacks, \$5.95. *Walkers* in many colors, sizes, fabrics, from \$1.95. All leading stores.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

DUMMY



IRON LIEGE, the handsome and high-spirited Kentucky Derby entry who is the subject of our lead story this week, had no name when an experimental issue (see *rst*) of a "new weekly sport magazine," also unnamed, went to press in April 1954. In that dummy, Iron Liege, wet behind the ears and not yet on his feet, played a featured role. But he had already picked up a following—the prepublication staff of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, which put

out its first regular weekly issue four months later.

We couldn't be more pleased with Iron Liege's current eminence, because our report on him now (see page 12) is an endorsement of the thoroughness with which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, long before publication, prepared for its journalistic responsibilities to come—even to the extent of having one of the world's great animal photographers, the late Ylla, on hand to record what may prove to be a significant moment in sport, the appearance of a Derby winner.

Whatever the odds, if Iron Liege starts at Churchill Downs on May 4, he'll carry some bets by admirers on the present staff of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** who "knew him when." For toward this 3-year-old colt, our not-yet-3-year-old magazine feels a twinge of *auld lang syne*.

AMONG the 13 "Young Men of Achievement" Philadelphia's Golden Slipper Square Club honored two weeks ago were Richard Bond, president of John Wanamaker; Walter Sheaffer II, president of the Sheaffer Pen Co.; Fred Maytag II, president of the Maytag Co.; Robert Galvin, president of Motorola, Inc.; Sidney L. James, managing editor of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**; and John B. Kelly Jr., Olympic sculler. During the program Kelly, winner of the award for distinguished achievement in sport, caught the ear of James, winner of the award for distinguished service in journalism. "I was talking to Grace on the phone the other day and asked if Rainier was getting **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. 'No,' she told me, 'and I'd like to see it too.' So I wonder if you can help me get it there fast?"

Now added to Editor James's achievements in journalism: the expediting of one brand-new **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** subscription to the Principality of Monaco. Prince Rainier and Princess Grace thus join a list of titled subscribers which includes, among others, Norway's Prince Olaf, Belgium's Princess de Réthy and Iraq's King Feisal.

Harry Pillsbury



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JIMMY JEMIAL'S HOTBOX

The Questions

*Should there be
an open in tennis
as there is in golf?*

CELESTE HOLM



*Recently Mills
and New York
Movie star*

Yes, and if for no other reason than to get Tony Trabert, former champion, back into the picture. Tony was sure a world figure in

tennis. You hear little of him since Pancho Gonzales won in their worldwide professional tour. A tennis open would give Tony new recognition.

JOSEPH W. MARTIN



*Minority Leader
of the House*

I can't think of a single objection to an open in tennis, and with good reason. For one thing, the open in golf has done more than all the amateur tournaments ever held to make golf the popular and highly publicized game it is. If the open can do that for golf, it can for tennis.

LIEUT. RALPH GUGLIEMINI



*USAF
Former All-American
quarterback*

Definitely. In tennis, the United States is behind the eight ball. Tennis ability in Australia is a stepping stone to a lucrative career. So everybody plays tennis. An open in this country would encourage kids to play tennis. The open has helped golf. A youngster could remain an amateur if he wished.

BEN COCHRAN



*CBS
Television
commentator*

Yes. The impression lingers with referees who do not belong to country clubs that they haven't got a chance because tennis competition is world and high-toned. An open would not destroy the amateurism in tennis, but would broaden the base of competition and give us a lot more top players.

VINCENT RICHARDS



*Former Olympic
kayak champion*

Yes. Professional tennis has been fighting for a tennis open since 1957. Amateur tennis is doomed unless it is rescued by open tournaments. They would give tennis added publicity and attract more young players by giving them an incentive, just as the open in golf has done.

PERLE MERTA



*Washington
Former Ambassador
to Luxembourg*

Yes. That would be the greatest thing for tennis, not only here, but in other countries. How could an "open," once a year, hurt the amateur standing of those representing us in the Davis Cup competition? An open in golf hasn't hurt the standing of the golf amateurs.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS



U.S. Supreme Court

I'm strongly in favor of an open in tennis to stimulate interest in the game among our boys and girls. A tennis open would hold out the prospect of a career in tennis for the more able players. Many more of our boys would undoubtedly start playing the game more seriously and objectively.

GENERAL CLIFTON B. CATES



*Former Commandant
of U.S. Marine Corps*

Why not? In a sense, we do have an open in football, where the very best of the college players play the champions pro team each year in Chicago for the Chicago Tribune charity. The open in golf has worldwide interest. The low state of tennis demands an open to give it needed interest.

ARTHUR W. MACPHERSON



*New York
Davis Cup Committee*

Yes. But many in tennis are opposed. Since the Davis Cup was given for world competition, it has been our aim to prevent the best players we can assemble. Amateur tournaments between countries are wonderful, but we should help develop our best amateurs through a national open.

JOHN T. COE



*U.S. Naval Academy
Sports
publicity director*

Definitely. An open would add great interest. Tennis fans would love it. A national open would greatly benefit the young amateur by giving him experience against the top pros. However, the biggest boost for tennis would be the widespread construction of municipal courts.

continued on page 22



This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of motion—the hot pace of ancient Bannockburn, later highly developed in Italy.

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I am more favorable than otherwise. If, as Inghill, the system can be controlled through the construction of a set of representative among proper jurisdiction as well as the assigned prestige and high standards are maintained.



THE TOWN became a town when it moved from the New post (R.L. Custer) to Forest Hills. To celebrate big time we must play tennis. Municipal is a national sport, most boys play (see baseball).



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Shouldn't we regulate
bandwidth like
speedways, instead?



Southwick the Superior

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THE BABY STARTED AT 9,066 TO 1

Once-in-a-lifetime pictures tell the heart-warming story of an obscure colt who has become one of the favored contenders in this year's Kentucky Derby

ON March 10, 1954 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Picture Editor, Gerald Astor, and the famous nature photographer, Ylla, walked through a cool evening to a foaling barn at Calumet Farm in Lexington, Ky. A mare named Iron Maidens indicated to her two handlers, Everett Plunkett and David Clark, that her time was near. At 12:59 a.m. she dropped a frisky colt into the aristocratic stillness of Calumet. Three minutes later Ylla took the pictures (left and below) of the first delicate moments of a Thoroughbred. Ylla did not live either to see the colt again or her pictures of him in print, for in 1955 she was tragically killed when photographing a bullock race for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in India. To Calumet the new colt was only one of 31 foals of

that year. To the impersonal Jockey Club in New York he was simply to be one of 9,057 Registered Thoroughbreds of 1964, all of whom were eligible for the Kentucky Derby of 1967. A decided interest in the colt was taken by Calumet, for the bay foal was sired by Bull Lea, the stallion whose blood has been passed on to many of Calumet's mightiest runners. Immediately after foaling, Farm Manager J. Paul Ebberhardt filed a report about "a good, strong Bull Lea colt, of good proportions and size, typical of all Bull Lea's the way he gets around." The colt had every advantage which could be given him, notably the best possible care and handling. But the test of his future would depend mostly on himself; on his own heart, sinews and luck.



First timid look at the outside world (left) and nursing licks from mother: these pictures were taken just three minutes after birth



Barely 30 minutes after foaling, eager colt unsuccessfully struggles to get up. His mother casually nibbles hay, but she stays close by.

After 80 minutes, he is up and taking his food from mother.

THE FIRST STEPS ARE THE HARDEST

Two days passed before Tom Mayfield and her dad were sent from the foaling barn to Calumet's brood-mare barn. Here the colt saw a little more of the world: red and white buildings, brightly painted fences, 20 miles of white oak fence around 110,000 acres of oak, tulip and ash trees whirling in the sunlight, and other animals. His third day brought a new strangeness. A halter was put around him to accustom him to walking with man. All was happy until the ninth day, when his mother was taken from him to be mated again. For the first time he endured a desperate loneliness, but mother returned fairly soon and the two scampered together through the fields. The only regulations rigidly imposed on the colt were feeding times at 2 p.m., 10 p.m. and 4 a.m. His father, Bull Lea, took his exercise some 200 yards away, on the other side of a sturdy fence: stallions are not allowed to romp with foals, whom they might bite or injure. Another son of Bull Lea, but full-grown, was in another nearby enclosure: a horse called Citation, in 1948 the third of Calumet's five Derby winners (the others: Whirlaway, 1941; Pensive, 1944; Ponder, 1949; Hail Gail, 1952). On Sandagos, visitors came to stare at some of these great names. As yet, no one spared a glance for Junior.





Inez Haden and son hold still for first formal family portrait

The Bull Lea colt shows early alertness as he prances alone (right)





Joyfully romping in fields of bluegrass, Iron Madder's son (left) was a shrewd yearling when his hard schooling began in July 1888. At

Belknap's estate, the youngster (now accustomed to bridle and saddle) walks to one of his first workouts on the training track. At an



DISCIPLINING STEPS TOWARD DEDICATION

Exactly six months after foaling—Sept. 11, 1954—the colt was definitively separated from the mare. He was officially one year old on Jan. 1, 1955, and in July was turned over to Yearling Trainer Robert Moore. He first learned the courtesy of the track (waiting his turn, standing immobile while others thundered by), then was loaded into vans for short trips as he would get used to shipping without panicking and injuring himself. But he wasn't going anywhere yet. If he showed Moore he could become a good racer, he would leave for Florida with the Calumet string in November. Clelland already thought well of him: "You know, you might see five girls walking down the street, and you might like the conformation of one of them. It's the same with horses." And Moore told H. A. (Jimmy) Jones, Calumet's highly successful trainer: "I really think this is the one we've been looking for." (Photographs by Richard Mark.)



summer long he spent 18 hours a day in the open air

early stage he revealed signs of an erratic temper



Head slightly bowed, colt stands quietly in Hialeah Park schooling gate



Breakfast before his very first race, Chicago, Aug. 24, 1956

THE SLOW GREEN STEPS TO DISAPPOINTMENT

He got a name. First it was Iron Lea, but Calumet's owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, changed it to Iron Liege. Iron Liege had a difficult winter. The colt contracted a cough, which slowed his training and delayed his first race until August 21, 1956, at Washington Park. He broke slowly and finished sixth. Trainer Jones said, "He just ran green. The clouds of dirt kept coming back at him from the horses in front and he ducked them like a toad in a hailstorm." On Sept. 3, at Belmont Park, Eddie Arcare took him out of the hailstorm to win a six-furlong race. Nine days later he was third; on Sept. 23 he won again. Then he stuck his left foreleg through a canvas rack in his stall and sawed it almost down to the tendon. This could have resulted in a bowed tendon, which has ended racing for many Thoroughbreds. Famed Veterinarian William Reed cured him ("He was a good patient"), but he didn't win again. Nevertheless, Iron Liege was widely recognized as a "useful" colt and ranked 18th of his generation. (Photographs by Art Shoop)



Co-star for a day (stablemate Gen. Duke ran with him), Iron Liege got WIF treatment from handlers the first time he went to the post.

The boss (Trainer Jimmy Jones) attends to saddle adjustment before the unsuccessful debut





Iron Liege set new Hialeah track record when winning on Feb. 9

THE SPIRITED STEPS OF A 15-TO-1 SHOT

The alert, sensitive and mature head on the facing page now belongs to an established race horse. Iron Liege watered well as a 2-year-old and early in 1957 earned the title of one of the best of the 3-year-old crop. His first race was on Jan. 19, when he was led from Stall 6, Barn AA, onto the Hialeah track while Trainer Jones frowned thoughtfully. Calumet's agent, Doc Brooks, watched and whispered to a friend, "I think he'll win." He did, by a length. Jubilation scratched Jimmy Jones for only a moment. He had been through this too often to allow his elation free rein. Ten days later Iron Liege won a second, tucking races, and on Feb. 9 he made the headlines by leading his highly-regarded stablemate, Gen. Duke, and setting a new Hialeah track record for a mile and a sixteenth. Last week he finished a creditable third to the same Gen. Duke and Bold Ruler, the two leading Derby contenders at this time. In three months, since his last disappointing race on Oct. 27, 1956, Iron Liege had found within himself a flicker of fire which pumped new vitality into the 3-year-old galaxy. The moments of anguish through injury and the months of drudgery were paying off. He has yet to penetrate the threshold of greatness, and may never do so. But Iron Liege is already a successful horse. The 9,086-to-1 baby is now a man, and only a 15-to-1 shot for next May's Kentucky Derby.

Sharply urged by jockey Dave Erb in last week's Everglades Stakes, Iron Liege runs third as Gen. Duke surges to catch Bold Ruler





EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THOUGHTS WHILE RUNNING THE MILE • YALE GIVES THANKS
FOR THE REPECHAGE • NEVER A DULL MOMENT AT BERKELEY •
BACKE & CO. HIRES A TWO-STAGE ROCKET • WRESTLING SET

TECHNOLOGY NOTE

FOOTBALLS are sometimes made with rubber skins nowadays; cotton sails seem to be giving way to Dacron; even in the games department, technology never stands still. This is by way of introducing a report from a 19-year-old young lady who attended a St. Valentine's Day party in Texas.

"What did you do at the party?" she was asked. "Oh," she said, "we played a nice game. It's called 'Spin the Container.'"

IMPRESSIONS OF A MILE RUN

BURN GRIM is a 23-year-old University of Maryland senior who doesn't get his name into the papers very often, but he has been traveling the indoor track circuit this winter and competing against the well-known stars who do, men like Ron Delany and Fred Dwyer and Lando Tabori. His idea is to run as well as he can, waiting for the inevitable moment when the stars decide it is time to take over, and then try to hold on for a third or fourth place. Last week, in the 46th running of the New York AC's Baxter Mile, the race once more followed the reliable pattern. Delany won, and Dwyer finished second. But let Grim tell his story:

"Just before the starting gun my race strategy came to me in a flash. Get out in front with the leaders this time. Get a real fast start, but if someone goes by too fast, then let them set the pace for the first quarter."

(At the start of the 11-lap race Grim settled into third place behind Jim Beatty of North Carolina and the NYAC's George King.)

"With nine laps to go I began to figure the pace was too slow, so I

moved up into first. It's a funny thing, but at this point I wasn't even aware of what was going on around me—couldn't hear the band, the crowd or even the other runners in the race.

"I was thinking about form now, trying to keep my steps short, my arms in tight. When I went into the lead I got a good feeling about how nice and short my steps were. I got in front, and then something told me I was slowing down, and I really thought I was, so I ran faster."

(With six laps to go Grim stretched his lead to five yards, and with five to go had opened a gap of more than 15 yards. Delany and Dwyer, running together, were well back.)

"At about this time I heard the announcer say, 'Two minutes four seconds at the half,' and the way I felt—good but not very good—made me re-

alize I wasn't going to have any finishing sprint. In my mind I imagined that Phil Coleman, or King, or Beatty, was right behind me with Delany and Dwyer just behind him. I was beginning to wonder why someone didn't come by me. Now, with five laps to go, I suddenly thought of John Landy and how he said that after you've reached the 1,000-yard mark you should start going all out. Just like that, suddenly I'd thought of Landy. So I went all out."

(Delany and Dwyer, pulled along by his surge, moved up and, with three laps remaining, were running third and fifth.)

"With three laps to go, just for a last moment, I thought I might just win it. But then I suddenly began to tire, and when you're tired you start thinking of all the reasons why you

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• **Bauch's Strong Brew**

As major leagues hunted for the run-courtesy, none had a more pointed need-off than St. Louis' Frank (Trader) Lane. Said Owner August Baugh Jr., off the cuff at a dinner: "I expect the Cardinals to come damn close to a pennant in 1957, and 1958 is going to be a sure thing or Frank Lane will be out on his rump." He smiled when he said it, but it still sounded like an ultimatum.

• **Old Prose for Old Pros**

As the memory of the All-America professional football league and its \$2 million loss fades, the thought of a new pro league becomes more exciting. Mildred T. Lang, soccer enthusiast from Baltimore, last week proposed a 16-club league, contracted players, called the first in the NFL.

• **Deep Eddy**

Caught in the eddies of NCAA football recruiting penalties, the University of Washington now is beleaguered. One of 14 schools prohibited from NCAA competition, Washington must visit its football penalties as its other, presumably innocent teams. Another innocent victim: Ohio State's fine swimming team.

• **Man Eaten Dog... Again**

Southern Methodist University, following a precedent set by Wyoming (SI, Feb. 18), has hired new Coach Bill Meek with an iron-clad contract. Meek must coach at SMU five years; only escape provided is ill health.

shouldn't run faster, I thought of Coleman. Who hadn't become by to take the lead as he usually does at this point in the race? I needed a passerout real bad by then, I thought about DeWay and Dwyer, probably right behind me. They must be about ready to come by me, why didn't they? With no legs to go, I could suddenly hear everything around me, mainly because I was getting real tired.

"I heard a voice about, 'They're coming' up! They're coming' up! When they didn't go by me right away, it dawned on me how far ahead I must have been, but still they didn't pass."

"Then what I was expecting all during the race happened. When they started running, they were going so fast I gave up all hope. I thought, 'Here comes another of my 4:31 miles, so what else can I do?' It took a minute or a little longer I would have taken after them, but they were going so fast. They got about 10 yards out ahead of me and I said to myself, 'You've run a good race and there are still others to beat.' I was surprised that the others hadn't come by me too, and I pulled up again."

"Heath's passing me on the last turn was kind of discouraging, but when I looked back and saw King gaining on me I had enough left to beat him off for fourth."

His time was another good 4:11.1.

NEW WORD

THESEBINARY of sport, which has enriched the language with such all-purpose words as "team" and "goal" and "score" and even "team dance," has just given us a useful new French term with great possibilities. The word is *passerout*, and wherever the word dictionaries have not caught up with it, perhaps it should be defined just for the record. It means a re-flashing, or a chance to fish again, or, more loosely, a second chance. Of course, anyone who followed the fortunes of the Yuk-ones at the Melbourne Olympics will recall the word. After losing his first heat, Vale was given a repêchage which he magnificently exploited, to win the rest of his races and the gold medal for eight-year-olds.

At a banquet honoring these three Yuk-ones the other night, the university chaplain opened up one of the limitless new avenues available to this word by adopting it as the key to his speaking game for the 2,000 stars at the Waldorf Astorian New York, the Rev. Burton MacLean said: "Bless, O God, this company gathered for the love

and honor of young men of Vale. Grant to us joyful hearts for their victories . . . gratitude for their high courage, good humor, sportsmanship, and good coaching. Most especially do we thank Thee for the repêchage; for the second chance wherever and whenever it comes to us in life."

DRY WIT AND WET TOWELS

WHILE Coach John Newell munched happily on a series of wet towels one night last week, his University of California basketball team, coached by him, to remain and stood in the Pacific Coast Conference basketball campaign. Newell is a slim, likable gentleman with a strong taste for wet towels and potatoes, and was a participant for coaching the basketball team. He started at that university on San Francisco, moving to Michigan State, and since 1961 he has been responsible for the Great California amateur basketball power. Later Newell came along, the Pacific Coast states championship, dated about between 1957, 1971, A. Washington and Oregon State.

The nine-coach Idaho Friday and Saturday night at Cal's conference record at 19-1 and nearly missed Newell an opportunity to demonstrate his towel-chewing ability in the NCAA regional tournaments.

While Newell is—in common with nearly all basketball coaches—a high-strung, nervous spectator at his team's games, he is a relaxed, casual type between times, with an often, dry sense of humor which finds its outlet in rather elaborate practical jokes. Despite his success at California, he has not been completely comfortable there. When he was at Michigan State he gave four men to his jacket. Nearly all of his jokes turn on the same situation—the absence of the victim at a critical time, repeated again and again. Newell, of course, provides the critical time, to wit:

Steve Selso was an assistant coach at Michigan State during Newell's tenure, and he had the misfortune to occupy an office visible from Newell's. Newell spotted Selso leaving his office one morning and picked up his phone.

"This is Dr. Hannah John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State," he told Selso's secretary. "Is Mr. Selso there?"

"No, he just stepped out for a minute," she replied. "May I have him call you?"

"No, thank you," the pseudo Dr. Hannah said. "I'll call him later when I have time."

Newell settled back happily to watch Selso stick within earshot of his phone for a while. Then, when Selso left for a few moments, he called back.

"Not there?" he asked, aggressively. "Well, I'll just have to call again. No, no . . . don't ask him to call me, I'll call him."

Selso returned to find he had missed a second call from the supposed Dr. Hannah and stuck doggedly to his desk for a long time before he ventured away. No sooner had he left than Newell called again, exasperation in his voice: "Hannah! Mr. Selso over work."

After two more or more misadventures Selso and two more wet towels, phone calls by Newell Hannah, Selso cringed by his phone to stay, until he discovered the joke.

"They were a loose bunch of guys at Michigan State," Newell says, now pointing a finger to suggest that any other jokes at California. "It just seemed to happen naturally. The Cal people are wonderful, but different. I just couldn't see myself pulling a stunt on Bruce Banner, or Papa Walder" though you may have given me an idea."

Newell is a meticulous coach, who analyzes his team thoroughly and pays close attention to defense and the need of individuals to move well even without the ball on offense. Against Idaho last week, his team moved well and Newell, who uses his wet towels to talk to as well as to chew on, had very little to complain about. He chewed and chewed and once in a while he threw



the towel in the air as a signal of delight. When a victory is won, Newell has been known to throw a towel some 20 feet in the air.

Once, the other night, he sent a towel soaring, but not in token of victory. No doubt Steve Selso will be happy to learn that Newell, in the excitement of the moment, picked up the wrong towel to chew on. "Buddy," he growled and tossed it aside.

His California team had just passed it around to mop off perspiration.

A RIGHT-HANDER SWITCHES

NOBODY," said Al Rosen, "would turn down the kind of money I can make in baseball because he got injured. Leaving baseball was a matter of economy." He was sitting in the board

(Continued on page 22)



Opium barba

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

front of Burns & Co., at 25 West 12th, a place of heavy carpets and dignified quiet. Most hallplayers could hardly expect to feel at home there, but Rosen was at ease. Last season he was hired hereafter for the Cleveland Indians. This season he is a registered representative of the New York Stock Exchange, working in Barbe & Co.'s Cleveland office.

Rosen wears brown, uniform, dark suit, black shoes and white shirt with a button-down collar—and if he had never known any other. Perhaps in anticipation of his second career, his hair has turned bunker's gray. He is 32.

He is also a first-class example of a sport baseball change. Just about a year now is the old-style baseball has been with nothing left but shippings and a lifetime pass to the old ball park. Players no longer seem to know better than their predecessors ever did how sharply the returns can diminish for a man whose life. They are learning to build careers that resemble a two-stage rocket: business takes over when baseball's momentum dies.

No player has planned the change more carefully, or made it more neatly, than Al Rosen. In 1953 he was voted the most valuable player in the American League. It was a unanimous vote, the first one in American League history. Rosen might well have felt that the future was the last and best of his players. But that fall he took an off-season job with a Cleveland bond broker, and in subsequent of seasons he has worked for Barbe & Co. in 1947, when he was still in the minors, Rosen took the precaution of obtaining a degree in economics at the University of Miami.

"I have a name, contacts and experience. Baseball has done all this for me. We hallplayers—I guess I have to call myself an ex-hallplayer now—never liked to hear the old-timers criticize modern baseball, and I don't want to be that kind of criticizer. But I think it's right to say that baseball could give a good life to people think. For seven months a year you don't do anything but want to go out to the ball park.

"I don't want to be packing a suitcase every two weeks. I want to live in a home. I want to see my children grow up. I look at men 24, 26, 28 years old, and the older I get the younger they seem. I want to work now toward the time when I'll have a business that will appear and mine has disappeared."

These considerations, not all of them, in both leagues. Kirtly, though, are enough business to attack a history of the business. There are insurance companies, insurance agents, banks, restaurants, bowling alley operators and at least one designer of sports clothes. They don't plan to reduce the long lead-in through the minors; they don't even figure on staying through, sometimes to age 30 when the club can person plan begins to pay off, they have to go right on supporting them, as well as nearly as possible in the same way to which baseball has made them accustomed. They mean to be out of property, not living relies.

"We have built a new home in Cleveland," Rosen said. "We'll be moving in in about a month."

"Home style," someone asked.

"No," said Al. "Family style."

VOTE FOR WRESTLING

THE HILLMAN MUST HAVE weighed all of 30 pounds. He was struggling mightily to meet a dark-haired opponent, same size, who was clamped onto his back, hanging on for dear life. They were tumbling on the red vinyl mat in the wrestling room at the Haverford School's Ryan Gym, grunting and grunting, obviously having a grand time and hopeful that the noise of their struggle would attract the attention of the man sitting on the bench. It did.

"See those kids on the mat?" asked the man. "That's the age group that interested in wrestling . . . interested enough to talk about it at home. Then, by the time they're old enough to wrestle in high school, the parents are conditioned to the idea that wrestling is a sport instead of the freak exhibition

you see on TV all the time. They don't agree."

The man was Neil Buckley, coach at Haverford and probably one of the most successful prep-school wrestling coaches in the business. Since 1951 his teams have won 56, lost 6, tied one and twice been perennial winners of the Philadelphia Inter-Academic League wrestling title.

But for a while before wrestling became widely accepted as a prep sport in the Philadelphia area, Buckley had his troubles.

"You'd be surprised at the opposition I used to get from parents," he said. "They would get TV wrestling mixed up with the legitimate sport and refuse to let their sons participate. We had a hard time for a few years, until people found out what wrestling was all about."

Though Haverford has 723 boys enrolled, only about 250 are in the Senior School and eligible to go out for wrestling. Of these about 30 go out for the varsity, 12 finally make the team.

"I'm glad I don't get any more than 30 wrestling out," said Buckley. "I have to cut a man."

The Haverford coach said schools are showing less and less reluctance to learn wrestling tricks. "A lot of schools used to claim that wrestling cut into basketball and robbed this sport of material. Well, in wrestling we have a 95-pound division, and I never saw any 160-pound basketball players. We have an unlimited heavyweight division, too, and have room for the beefy boys that basketball shuns for lack of speed."

In his 16 years at Haverford, Neil Buckley has in many ways done more to popularize wrestling than did Strangler Lewis in a lifetime. Pennsylvania alone now has wrestling in 165 high schools, 42 prep schools and 21 junior high schools, and the figure grows each year.

And if Neil Buckley's pupils are any criterion, President Eisenhower's physical fitness program is in for a big boost from wrestling. Invariably, Buckley's wrestlers come to him gasky, gangling and shapeless and leave the team three or four years later relative Atlases.

But of all his accomplishments, the one which stands above and shoulders above the rest is Buckley's mind is the fact that Dr. Leslie Seeveringhaus, Haverford's headmaster and an ardent bird watcher, is now so interested in wrestling that the other day he passed up a field trip to catch an afternoon at Lawrenceville-Haverford wrestling

see page 17.



POWER STEERING

He looked his waddy eye out at it.
The power is on and on.
And now the machine will not
be such a bad thing.

—DORIS L. SMITH

CLEVELAND CLINCHER

Champion Basilio, a banger, and Johnny Saxton, a boxer, battle this week for the third time and the welterweight championship

THE FIRST MIDDLEWEIGHT championship fight between Carmen Basilio and Johnny Saxton cost Carmen his hard-earned title and bred one of boxing's angriest post-mortem rows. The row smolders even now, almost a year later, and intermittently flashes into flame at the drop of a heady remark. Only the ring officials, the Saxton camp and a small sprinkling of the press thought the verdict for Saxton fair, or professed to think so. The great majority of the sporting press, an enraged Chicago Stadium crowd and millions of the television fancy thought differently and screamed for justice for weeks afterward.

The mills of the gods have been grinding since then and, in one way or another, a rough measure of justice has been slowly filling. One of the fight judges, a banker, has gone to prison, though for quite another crime than misjudging fights. The referee has been appointed chairman of the Illinois boxing commission, punishment enough for any man's sin. For a time he hailed the appointment as some vindication of his work in the fight, but lately he has vainly tried to persuade the Illinois legislature to appoint a press agent to guide his present path. Some people, he has discovered, have lost confidence in boxing's integrity, and he felt that a public relations man could win it back. The third official of the famed night scene to have escaped any form of retribution, but his is an unprovable question. He is rare. Give the gods a split decision.

Basilio had to win his own justice, as befits a fighting man. He did it last September in Syracuse, when Saxton chose to stand and punch it out with him, abandoning his natural stab-and-run style. (Tony DeMarco had tried that game twice because he works as an officer, and what happened to him should be a lesson to all Basilio opponents.) The rematch stopped the boxer-manueuvring in the match room to save Saxton from being knocked senseless, perhaps permanently hurt. Thus Carmen Basilio regained his title.

He risks it once more this week in Cleveland against a more wary, cunning opponent. After a rough go with Basilio, Johnny has decided that his Chicago style of just in the only sensible counterpoint to the welterweight champion's hopping rhythm.

Looking hard, lean and fast, he has been training since December 10—Saxton foresees the fight as a repetition of his Chicago strategy, which, after all, did win him the decision, however disputed.

"I don't want to sound cocky," he says, just as if he doesn't always sound cocky, "but I'm confident I'll win. It's just that I'm sure I can take Basilio. First time we met, I boxed him. The last time, I tried to give the fans the

kind of fight they wanted, and I lugged with him. That was a dumb thing to do. From now on I'm forgetting the fans and thinking of Saxton. One thing I learned in my last fight with Basilio is I got to box him.

"Basilio is a good, tough guy but he's a banger. Me, I'm not a banger. I'm a boxer. This time I'm going back to the style I used in Chicago. I have to fight my own fight, not Basilio's."

Carmen Basilio did most of his training in Miami to escape the rigors of the northern winter. His bruised right hand, which caused a postponement from the originally scheduled date of January 18, has healed nicely but has handicapped his training.

"I've got my fingers crossed," says Johnny DeJohn who, with Joe Neri, is Basilio's manager. "We have bandaged the hand real good for his workouts, and we haven't let him box so much. He thinks he hurt the hand in the last Saxton fight but, to tell the truth, he doesn't really know when he did it. You know, he never used that right much until the DeMarco fights. He was a boxer."

As to the extreme probability that Saxton will try to outpoint him, Carmen says: "Let him try."

"I'm a boxer, I'm a boxer," he declared. "I mean run or he can fight. I'm prepared to counter what he does. I don't think I will get the worst of it in Cleveland like I did in Chicago, so why should I worry?"

Both fighters have been doing heavy roadwork, Saxton three to four miles a day, Basilio as many as five miles around the Miami Beach Roney Club dog track. It did seem that at the close of the Chicago fight Basilio's pursuit of the runner—Saxton lagged for lack of wind and the roadwork should build up his endurance. Saxton, in turn, believed in his own more roadwork for the Cleveland fight than he was in his own run.

The fight could be a real race, then. But if Saxton hopes to win an undisputed decision he must stand from time to time and fight, at least long enough to persuade the judges and referee that his defense is not merely passive, the type that properly causes no points.

If Saxton's stand-and-fight style will get what he gets in Syracuse, a dreadful body beating that eventually opened him up for head shots, cut his lip and left him Basilio's helpless, drooping figure who could be moved only by a merciful referee. If he runs as much as he did in Chicago, even though he snags Basilio with his very effective jab, he can't hope to win, says his another Chicago friend.

It's a hard choice of strategy—for Saxton. The choice here is for Basilio by another TRO. — MARTIN KANE

Basilio and Saxton grapple in Chicago. The pictures following are also of the first fight





Bleeding and Bruised from counterpunches, Bastillo
indomitably carries the fight to Challenger Saxton





Defeated Boarlio sips tea as Co-manager Joe Netro sourly surveys the Chicago dressing room

AND
ANTICS
ELSEWHERE...



THE WANDERER BEATS THE BRAIN

by COLES PHINIZY

BY WHISKEY, it is the habit of reigning champions of indoor track to settle in their proper niches and fend off the challenges. This year Ken Delany again owns the mile, and Amer-Swede two-hull mileman Lynn Jantz. Charlie Jenkins hopes to be the man to beat at 800 yards, and shrewd Horace Ashenfelter for the sixth straight year has the worrisome job of beating off upstart two-milers. In the past five weeks, while these constant men have been re-making their claims, the new Hungarian-American, László Tábori, has been a rather bewildered, dispassionate and mildly happy wanderer, still searching for the new consolation for a racing distance he could call his own.

For his first board test, Tábori picked the two-mile, a comfortable transition for a winter-seasoned and grass-trained European. He was beaten at the two-mile by a mile, Fred Dwyer, in very smart time. Four weeks ago, in his first mile, Tábori swung his hips and shoulders as rhythmically as a trailer truck and lost out in a pack finish. He switched back to two miles in the Westminster games but dropped out after a mile and a half with his stomach in sharp revolt. At the Millrose Games, he missed back down to the mile against Ken Delany and did as well as, but no better than, any of the mile gang has done against Delany in two years: an honest second place, seven yards back.

Last Saturday, Tábori, the wanderer, was back for another try at two miles in the New York AC Games. On each trip to New York from his foster home, the University of North Carolina, Tábori brings a Rapid Teaching Master Hungarian-English dictionary. While he is making his way slowly both in the strange way of American talking and the strange ways of indoor running, Tábori will not say much across the language barrier. Facing a barrage of questions, his eyelids come down almost sleepily, and his lips spend in a soft smile, giving the impression that behind his simple answers he knows rather big thoughts. Actually he is trying to get some words out of his simple tongue, generally, so that he will be able to run down the simple race immediately ahead.

Last Saturday night, in his first indoor two-mile field took their marks, Tábori was the season's most famous also-ran. He lay, limp as a body laid out for the morgue, unmindful of the runners pounding through their warmups around him, making up his mind that he had finally built strength enough to dog it, oval all the way and win.

In the eight weeks that he has been training seriously in the United States, Tábori and American, Mihály Igloi,

AP Wire



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Discover

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land of two oceans

have been overused with advice from all sides on how a master miler of Europe could best make the transition from the outdoor cinders to the boards. The consensus of this advice says that an indoor runner should do at least part of his training on boards. "I do not like the boards," Tabori has said, "they are too hard." And contrary to all advice he has gone his own European way, working on grass, while Coach Iglai explains approvingly, "Tempo, Tempo, Resolve training." Coach Dale Ramsey of the University of North Carolina, who has been serving as foster father these past weeks, remarked, "I do not yet understand what Coach Iglai means exactly by 'tempo,' but I can say this: they know what they are doing." Three weeks ago Tabori broke his rules, ventured onto the board training track at Carolina, and in the company of the promising North Carolina miler, Jim Beatty, ripped off a 3:51.3 three-quarter mile. Two weeks ago, as he lost to Delany, the sharp eyes in the press box of the Garden noted that Tabori was looking smarter on the boards, swinging his outside arm with the easy style of a man who had been at it for years.

In the two-mile at the New York AC Games Tabori looked better still. At the start, Tabori fell into the middle of the pack as it rolled smoothly, Indian file, behind Defending Champion Horace Ashenfelter. At the quarter, John Macy, the Pole now running for the University of Houston, took the lead, picked up the pace, and Tabori stayed with him. With five laps to go, Macy was stalling out. With 250 yards to go, Tabori passed Macy and ran away on his own. As he went across the finish into the blinding curtain of flash bulbs, the timers caught him in 5:55.4, second-best time of the season.

After taking third and shaking Tabori's hand, Defending Champion Horace Ashenfelter (who has made a habit of outsmarting opponents) reflected soberly, "If he's going to run that way for the rest of the season, I'll need more than brains to beat him."

Victorious Tabori confirmed that next week at the national championships he would wander back down to the mile. Why go down where Delany is? "Delany is fast," Tabori submitted humbly through an interpreter, "but in Stockholm once I finished a 1,600-meter with a 1:52.8 half mile, so perhaps I have some speed worth putting against Delany." **LEO P.**

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Chihara (Chick) Iga, slick-looking Japanese Olympian, set downhill record, next day captured silver for combined title, finished third in jumping to give Dartmouth victory over host team in Middlebury (Vt.) Winter Carnival.



June Markham, well-formed 18-year-old English beauty, trained up with Courtney Jones in graceful exhibition to win European ice dancing championship at Vienna, will next be seen in world title meet at Colorado Springs.

WRESTLING HIGHLIGHTS

At Hall, teeny Indian Corned star now attached to **Donny Arroyo** team, lefted and swung maneuvered ball-and-triangle 93-100 to 5 1/2 inches at Medford, Mass. In better Harold Connolly's jostling, scored for 15-pound weight by more than last Feb. 10.

Murray Halberg, durable little New Zealander, fought off challenging Neville Rost in face of 12-mile per second wind in backstretch to clock 4:51 for mile, fastest ever on grass, at Auckland (Feb. 17).

BASKETBALL

Unrated North Carolina beat Virginia 63-70, Duke 60-57, 40 for 28th straight, but three-way fight for nation's major college scoring lead, held specialists, fastest leader: South Carolina's Grady Wallace, with 39.57 average; runner-up: Kansas' Walt Chamberlain, 39.06; Columbia's Curt Fries, 28.66.

Philadelphia began scratch run for NBA Eastern Division playoff berth, winning three in row, in last while, played but occasionally slumping Boston by 34, ravines, New York and Syracuse were still dog-fighting for third, Ben Wagner, moving to Detroit next fall, pulled 27 1/2 games ahead of St. Louis in West, but Hawks were beginning to hurt after sharp-eyed Bob Pettit, league's top scorer, broke home in left forearm in game with Boston.

AUTO RACING

Tim Mack, car-to-tugger Althman, wheeled his 1957 Mercury 600 miles up and down 6 1/2-mile beach and bludgeoned runner at 301.55 mph to win Sports Illustrated trophy over 300-301, became first to better 100 mph in NASCAR's Convertible Race at Daytona Beach, next day Cotton Owens of Spartanburg, S.C., in 1957 Pontiac, scored 181.5 mph to take 169-mile for late-model hard tops.

TRACK & FIELD

Hampster's Lucio Tabari bided time while Houston's John Mary set scorching early pace, moved up neatly and surely with 11 1/2 laps to go to take two-mile race in 8:58.4 for his first U.S. triumph in NTAC games at New York (see page 42). As yet, other winner: Villanova's quarter-mile Tom DeLong, runner just as fast as necessary, outworked Fred Drake in 4:40.6 in 100-yd. Mile; Pat's Arnie Russell breezed home ahead of adding Tom Courtney in 1:50.7 had, only Charlie Jenkins, off and running at gun, posted it on to edge Reggie Pearson in 37 in 300-yard race.

Glen Bass, Ohio State's Olympic 60-meter hurdle champion who has jumped up Eastern College circuit to help Buckeyes in dual meets, in being sprinter busy as a pup at a fine mile. His latest feat in a home meet with Michigan State (7:15-48 1/2): first in 60-yard dash, 70-yard low hurdles, 200-yard dash, broad jump, another man on winning relay team; second in high hurdles, the far third in high jump.

FOOTBALL

Boston V. and Colgate dipped into own ranks, came up with long-time commitments to man head coaching posts, Boston, after losing sensitive ear to players, who called Line Coach Steve Sklar "a good leader . . . he knows what he's doing," named 16-year aide to replace Bud Dorell, now at Columbia; Colgate added coach to replacement to Bud Laker, now at Boston, to meet up, Burkfield Coach Fred Rye.

BOG SHOW

Ch. Nicholas of Grandeur, shaggy 2 1/2-year-old Afghan hound, stepped out secondly under handling of cat-to-patterer Co-owner Sunny Shay of Hicksville, L.I., to prance off with best-in-show in Wausaunder Kennel Club class, cup-don't's world series, in New York (see page 12).

GOLF

Jay Siebert, struggling brilliantly to get out of tight spots, dropped 4-loser for birds on last hole, edging Ed Furgal by stroke (221-272) to win Texas Open at San Antonio.

BOXING

Joe Brown, who will never be counted among boxing's greatest light-weight champions, nevertheless landed and flaked left at face of host Wallace (Bud) Smith often enough to partially close his left eye and show up his mouth, retained title by TKO when referee halted match at end of 10th in Miami Beach. Smith, beaten for straight and headed brilliant for oblivion, announced raised feelings of 4,127 paying fans and thousands more who suffered via TV: "I let hands disappear."

California fans bailed new ring here after \$320, including delicious participants from south of border, jam-packed Hollywood Legion Stadium to watch vicious pouncing 28 KO's in 22 fights: Horacio (Chaparral) Moreno, 10-year-old featherweight from Chalechulatan, Mexico, put heavy-weight-sized Matt on Tommy Rios, Mexico, whose winning move means Little Bird, moved more like surprised tiger in his thousandths left hooks accidentally floored Referee Van in second, messed up Rios's face so badly that groggy official stopped slaughter in third.

HARNESS RACING

Latest New York, dreamboat 150,000-wat sports arena, roared over the year-round and realising 1 1/2-mile harness racing track, to be built on 12 block strip in Bronx or Queens at cost of \$37,808,600. One big catch: sponsoring group, headed by Richard D. Girtle, must first be assured that legislature will pass bills to permit winter harness racing within New York City limits.

collared

FOCUS ON THE DEED



PRESIDENTIAL PICKUP displayed by cartwheeling Dwight Eisenhower as he beats caddy in plinking ball from atop after punt by Partner John Walters on stink green at Thomasville, Ga.



MAJOR LEAGUE SLUGGING by Yulien Carrasquel, shown scoring after first-inning homer, was in vials at Cuba won 3-1, went on to take the Caribbean World Series at Havana.



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SCOREBOARD



Bob Niparth, veteran coach who has been turning out championship skiers at Yale for 40 years, reached another milestone last week: his 100th victory against only 12 defeats. He has won Navy 58-27 for 150th straight.



Andy Yanagawa, stocky 65-year-old Hongkonger, 4-1-1 knifer who has one of finest collections of trick shots in the history of bowling. Because 1916 he belonged to American Bowling Congress Hall of Fame for living bowlers.

HORSE RACING

Calumet's Gam, Duke, with brotherly Mike Hartsch pushing him hard, had a go at favored Bold Ruler in stretch, charging up on outside to win by head in photo-finish 1:00.070 (average 1:00.00) out for 6-pennies at Hialeah two days ago.

HOCKEY

Don'ts rarely had it so good in NHL, outskating New York, Toronto and Boston to go right points ahead of shipping Montreal, 3-0 in front of Boston, Rangers lost Canadiens Montreal 2-1 for first time in three years, but Toronto for fourth place.

MILEPOSTS

Wendy Shirley, 39, world's fastest climbing world's No. 1 woman breaks another, Wins Britain and U.S. winner in 1968; and Karl Brin, 40, New York advertising executive based in Australia, after renewing 16-year-old friendship at South Wales restaurant last November, at Sydney, made twofold decision and headed off Forest Hills and Wimbledon, but left alone again for return in 1970.

Wendy Shirley, 39, speedy British racing driver, captain of Formula One; and Louise King, 21, budding Broadway actress (The Seven Year Itch), daughter of Andrew W. Foster, executive assistant to U.S. Secretary General Dan Rumsfeld, at Miami.

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FOR THE RECORD

GOALING

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GOING

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COURT TENSE

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CONFIDENT Andre Ken Rose shows his backhand mastery in beating Andre Ken Rose at 6-2, 4-6, 6-2 in New York match.

No one is quite sure where the players will come

from, but professional basketball is anticipating

A BLESSED EVENT

PROFESSIONAL basketball is all about these days about the first prospective addition to the family since 1949. The newcomer is baseball's Marty Marion (backed by St. Louis millionaire Milton Fleishman), and it appears likely that his team will be playing out of Kansas City, which thereby will have acquired major league status in two sports within the short space of three years.

Jay over this good news, however, is considerably less than unconcerned in some NBA quarters. For some gentlemen the prospect of fresh money and new blood in the league is of less importance than the kind of team Marion will field next fall in the Kansas City Auditorium capacity, 16,000. They anticipate all manner of trouble on this score, and they may be right.

Present plans for stocking the new club call for Marion to put up \$100,000 and each of the eight NBA teams to put up three of its players. Marion will choose a maximum of eight players from this pool, no more than one from each team. League officials will then prorate the \$100,000 among the teams involved and, conceivably, return to Marion whatever is left. Then, before the regular draft of this year's graduating college players begins, the new club will be allowed five or six free choices—the only condition being that each team, as usual, may exercise territorial rights on one player.

Actually, the college draft part of the plan is of secondary interest to Marion, since even a team composed of the top 10 draft choices in any year would not be in the same class with one of today's NBA pro teams. The real heart of the matter is: What will the eight clubs offer Marion in the 24-player pool? On the surface, it seems obvious that self-interest would demand that they offer at least some of their best players. When Marion brings his team into Boston next year, for example, who will come out to watch if he can't provide solid competition? (In the NBA, it should be remembered, the

home team keeps off of the net receipts on single games.)

But there is another side to the question, and to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by one NBA club owner who insists that many of the others feel as he does: "Why should I help him (Marion) by hurting myself? I've spent years, and lost money too, trying to build a winning team. So have the other owners. Who do you think Boston will offer—Russell? Russell? Are you kidding? If it's that easy to get into one of the major leagues, I'm going to petition Ford Frick for a franchise and ask the Yankees for Mantle, the Dodgers for Snider and so on. If he wants to get into the league, Marion should buy a franchise instead

peers in Kansas City are pretty fair too, but. These are representative figures itemizing his probable costs and reasonable income. In some cities rent, travel and training expenses can be higher; on the other hand, income from radio, average ticket sales and special promotions may also be higher. Television is a special case. Some NBA clubs do not allow it at all; some limit it to road games, some televise only a few home games. Marion says he will try to arrange for it at the start as a means of publicizing the new team and take his chances on possible lowered attendance.

The expenditure budgeted for Marion is less in several respects. An advertising campaign in New York's seven newspapers comes considerably higher than in Syracuse's two. And salaries for a team that includes men like Cousy, Sharman and Russell may substantially exceed the figure listed here. Finally, there is no allowance at all for executive salaries (like Marion's) and no return for Fleishman on his investment.

Marion's budget could be balanced, at an average ticket price of \$1.50 (plus taxes), by an attendance of 3,999 for each of 30 home games. The accu-

WHAT IT TAKES TO RUN A PRO CLUB

EXPENSES		INCOME	
Team salaries (10 players and coach)	\$100,000	Radio fees	\$13,000
Travel (plane and hotel)	35,000	TV game of the week (an average of two in three years)	5,000
Host \$1,000 per game for approximately 30 home games)	30,000	Playoff TV (average)	10,000
Publicity man, clerical help, ticket printing	20,000	Programs	21,000
Pressmen training	5,000	Required game receipts, after taxes	126,300
Incidentals (free to NBA, insurance, advertising, telephone)	15,000	Total	\$215,000
Total	\$215,000		

of starting a new one. And don't tell me he's tried. I've heard that story. If he has tried, he hasn't offered enough money—or any, for that matter."

On this last point, Marion says, "The first thing we did was to ask Mr. Podoloff [NBA president] if there were any franchises for sale. He said no, so all we could do was try to start our own."

What all this boils down to is that present NBA club management is perfectly willing to let Marion join the fraternity, but the initiation fee—in terms of several years of struggle to assemble a respectable team—may be much higher than even a St. Louis millionaire anticipated.

Aside from players, Marion's pos-

sible of this figure is confirmed by two facts: first, Rochester, with an average attendance of 2,500 as far this year, will come within \$25,000 of breaking even; second, St. Louis, with extremely high travel expenses and no TV income, requires an average attendance of 5,000 to break even.

Marion feels certain that a Kansas City team will attract the gate he requires. He counts on a carryover of the remarkable enthusiasm the area has demonstrated for major league baseball and a continuation of the basketball interest shown by packed auditoriums at recent Big Seven and NCAA college tournaments.

continued

"I love Vionate
'cause Vionate
loves me."



You may not believe it, but Hester the Hound was once a cranking bone. No fat, no sparkle, no get-up-and-go.

Then one wonderful day, his master bought him a can of Vionate. Said Hester, "I could have kept for me. Everybody knows Vionate contains 20 essential vitamins and minerals in a formula developed especially for pets. I can truthfully say Vionate made a new dog of me."

Many veterinarians recommend Vionate for dogs, cats, birds and other pets. (Hester's coat is help build vigor, stamina and vitality, strong bones and teeth, and to help prevent deficiency diseases. Add Vionate to feed once daily to promote normal digestion and reproductive function, to help keep coats sleek, glossy, and shinier free from dandruff "dith.")

Balance your pet's diet with

VIONATE

22 essential vitamins, 9 vital minerals



FREE BOOKLET explains why professional breeders use Vionate. (One package lists addresses for 32 dealers. Save on 25¢ and 30¢ money orders.) Write today to: MOTTEN, Veterinary Products Department, 715 80th Ave., New York, 22, New York.

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SQUIBB QUALITY

—THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

BLESSED EVENT

by Jack Kram

There seems no doubt, either, that pro basketball is ripe for expansion, especially in heavily populated areas. The interest sparked by college competition (which also provides a ready-made fan system), NBA's success with its weekly telecasts and the financial soundness of practically all present NBA teams appear to assure Mott's success. The final problem—and certainly, no smaller one—should be able to solve it—remains to help him put together a team.

This week, also, another pro team took a step which should improve the league's financial picture. Fort Wayne completed negotiations to move next season to Detroit, another big league city, thus then held up the deal for almost a month—a demand by the Olympic stadium, owned by the 1984's Jim Norcia for a rental fee of more than \$3,000 per game. The final figure agreed upon has not been revealed, but Norcia must have cut his price considerably. With a flock of other cities—including Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville and Chicago—also interested in joining the league, the NBA seems headed for a golden future after only 11 years of existence.

Recent play in the league outlines the weakness toward leveling off that seems to take place toward the end of each season. Inevitably, teams begin to run away and hobble on the field. Boston has been haltering, although not dangerously... and this despite continued brilliant rebounding by Russell, who is surely headed for a new percentage record in this department. (He is averaging more than 20 rebounds a game.)

At the other end of the Eastern Division, Syracuse momentarily poked its head out of the cellar for the first time since the season began to fly and may yet edge New York out of a playoff berth. If it does, much of the credit will be due Paul Seymour, who took over as coach at a time when the team seemed on the road to complete demoralization.

In the Western Division, a mere three games separate first and last place, but all eyes here are on the spectacular ascent of St. Louis' Bob Pettit in the all-time single-season scoring record of 1,642 points set by George Mikan in 1950-51. The other night, in a game with the Celtics, Pettit fractured the ulna bone in his left forearm and will wear a special light cast the remainder of the season. This will hamper his ball

handling and, to a lesser extent, his shooting. With 15 games to go, he had 1,625 points. All he needed for a new record was the equivalent of 17 field goals in such games—an unlikely probability for him, at least before that time was broken.

Recent statistics to judge both disappointed and rivals. The Celtics are and have under-achieved on any given night. These stats, unfortunately, have been far too inconsistent, and the danger still persists that the team may not make the playoffs. If it does, Rick Monty could pull the team's biggest surprise by winning the championship.

The NBA playoff system, incidentally, continues to make fans. It works this way: the top three teams in each division are eligible. The second- and third-place teams play each other a best two-out-of-three series, and the winner then plays the first-place team a best three-out-of-five series. Finally, the winners in each division meet in a four-out-of-seven series for the title. Clear enough—although, assuredly, a hectic schedule for players who have battled all winter through a rigorous 72-game schedule.

WINDY TEAMS IN PLAYOFF?

What disturbs many is the system whereby a team in last place in one division can be ineligible for the playoffs despite the fact that it has a better win-loss percentage than the team in first place in the other division. At the moment the Eastern's last-place Syracuse has almost the same record as the Western's first-place Fort Wayne. This surely seems an injustice.

One explanation is that the teams in each division play more games among themselves than against teams in the other division. The ratio is four to four. Another is the league's desire to achieve, eventually, two-division rivalry on a par with baseball. Finally, no one has come up with a better system, short of having each division's teams play among themselves, which would be dull or in a single big division—which would soon become unwieldy through expansion.

For those presently disturbed, perhaps the best advice is to chalk off the inequity to growing pains and be patient.

A. H. D.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Master bartenders' secrets revealed winners in nationwide competition:



Serve these easy-to-make recipes at your next party. Your drinks will have the touch of genius!

Protesters beat bartenders from America's finest hotels, bars and restaurants vied with each other in this competition, the first drink contest ever held. Each drink is a champion that fought its way to the Grand National Finals. All are served only to drink fans.

All these drinks were built around the remarkably good taste of Early Times. Early Times is so good that...of all the whiskeys made in Kentucky—and these are the world's best—Kentuckians themselves choose Early Times over all other famous whiskeys. Try it.

EARLY TIMES

The competition was announced by the Bank's Chief Executive, Corporate and Finance Director of the Americas for the role of International, as it is the largest and most important business system throughout the country, and multiplies the impact of the Bank's financial resources.

GLORY

To Alabama's quail-crowded bird-dog paradise flock field trialers from all over the nation each February for the National Shooting Dog Championship.



HOLDING THE POINT. Vilag, (top) and Pirella (bottom) are both by owner Lufu, Bob, during training of National Shooting Dog Championship.

MOUNTED GALLERY numbering about 300 riders through ridge grass behind dogs during quail trialing series. Horses, available for trial or 10 per day, are all easy-traveling saddle mounts, especially suited for five- and six-hour riding stints.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY HODGES



ROAD FOR GUN DOGS

The largest gathering of shooting-dog enthusiasts in America is charging up hills, over streams and through pine patches this week after a field of pointers and setters in pursuit of game birds and gun-dog glory. The scene is the 13,000-acre Sedgefields Plantation near Union Springs, Ala., where the aristocracy and grandeur of yesterday's Old

South reaches across the decades, melting the present into the past. The people, almost 2,000 in number, are millionaires and manual laborers, businessmen and farmers—an incongruous group made one by an age-old preoccupation with the perfection of fine dogwork. Probably the most

continued





AFTERNOON BREAK (clockwise from top) seated on the bridge: Mrs. Tony Strick, Mrs. Billy Dunn, John Cade, Sam Adams, Mrs. George Strange, Mrs. Florence Jordan.

GLORY ROAD FOR GUN DOGS

continued

unusual of all stakes, the National Shooting Dog Championship is not an event for the big-time, big-circuit performer, the impeccably mannered product of the professional handler. Rather, it is a shooting-dog stake in the broadest sense—its goal is the highest degree of hunting-dog excellence. It honors the dog which is hunting is mindful only of game and the gun; which moves at a pace and range natural in the field and pleasing in style; and, most important, the dog which would therefore be the most valuable asset on an actual shooting trip.

Since the real reason for a bird dog's being is the hunt, emphasis in this trial is heaviest on the natural qualities demanded by the average sportsman of the dog over which he might shoot regularly. Fride in a really fine dog rests, after all, on the manner in which it meets all circumstances afield and locates birds under all conditions of terrain. A champion is further distinguished by the enthusiasm of its hunting and the style and intensity of its points. At Sedgely's a breach of manners may be excused, as it would be in the field, as long as the dog's performance is touched with brilliance and heavily weighted with responsiveness to handling.

Unique, too, is the ruling that all handlers must be amateurs. (Most bird hunters, of course, are.) By club definition, a professional is anyone who has received compensation in any amount for handling or training dogs during the preceding five years. Scouts as well as handlers come under this taboo. Three-quarters of a century ago, when field trials were born in this country, scouts were assigned only when a dog was believed lost on point. Over the years the initial concept of scouting has changed, but at Sedgely's, in keeping with tradition, scouts are sent into the field, at the discretion of the judges, only when conditions indicate that they are absolutely needed.

Sedgely's regulars still chortle at the newcomer to the Championship who once asked a judge how many scouts he could have. Succinctly, the oldtimer replied: "Just as many as you take with you when you go bird hunting."

Almost from the beginning, Sedgely's Plantation symbolized for shooting-dog men the finest field-trial country in the South. Its thousands of acres of rolling cover, sprinkled with patches of pines, hardwoods and hundreds of tiny streams, shelter some 800 coveys of quail. Each year more than a hundred miles of scruboak, lespedeza and other hobwhite foods are planted to supplement the natural becom sedge. This is quail farming on a grand scale, and game is everywhere. Such abundance, coupled with the uniformity of the countryside, eliminates any necessity during the trial of running dogs over courses used previously by other hunters. Each entry is thus awarded fresh terrain and undisturbed birds.

Though major trials were first run at Sedgely's in 1937, it was not until 1999 that the Alabama Shooting Dog Field Trial Club inaugurated the National Shooting Dog Cham-

pionship. When, two years later, negotiations for affiliation with the Amateur Field Trial Clubs of America failed, the National Shooting Dog Championship Association proclaimed its independence and charged into the future with increased vigor. Its unprecedented success in the years that followed must be attributed to the many people—sportsmen, businessmen and local citizens—who helped shape the policies under which the Championship is run.

Largely because of these policies the Union Springs stake has a charm which permeates all phases of the week-long activity. It is neither a race nor a dog show, but rather a contest of quality, reaffirming skillfully and sensitively the ties which bind man to his oldest hunting companion.

"Without a dog," Henry P. Davis, spokesman of field trials, has said, "upland game and waterfowl hunting is like eating a frankfurter without mustard—it will appease hunger but is lacking in flavor." And it is this flavor—basic, understandable, realistic—which turns so many people to Union Springs each February, exciting the imagination of everyone who has ever loved dogs.

To the citizens of Union Springs and surrounding Bullock County, the Championship each year means the beginning of a special kind of holiday. Shops close, farmers put away their tools, children (and even teachers) joyously abandon books. With the festivity of a Mardi Gras, the week-long party begins. From windows of stores, banks and homes elaborate decorations peep out at gaily dressed youngsters anxiously awaiting the annual avalanche of visitors from more than a dozen states.

Down the roads to Sedgely's Plantation, caravans of wagons and straw-covered flatbeds announce their coming with laughter and song. At a huge bonfire an army of white-capped cooks feverishly struggles over half a ton of pork for the opening barbecue. Smartly dressed women wander among the gathering throngs, the slickness of their outfits in sharp contrast to mud-splattered denim and dungarees. A dozen honey-colored, fuzzy-headed children play tag around huge children of Brunswick stew, flashing quick, mischievous grins at an audience of elderly ladies. Above the slow, rhythmic refrain of a muted Dixie melody the buzz of a hundred conversations mingles with ap-

proaching evening, sprinkling fragmented memories of past glory over the milling crowds.

Emmeshed in the spectacle, and enjoying every minute of it, is the laird of Sedgely's, Sportsman-Manufacturer L. B. Maytag who, as host each year, makes the National Shooting Dog Championship possible. Almost three decades have passed since the Colorado businessman made his first visit to Union Springs where, by coincidence, the old Continental Club was running a modest field trial. Spellbound, he watched a dog named Sun Ray point nine coveys of quail within 15 minutes.

"That was convincing enough for me," says Maytag. "I got back in my car and rushed to the Union Springs bank and began buying land. That's how Sedgely's began."

And with it began the new era in field-trialing.

—VIRGINIA KRAFT



GENIAL HOST L. B. Maytag extends hospitality to his beautiful Sedgely's Plantation each year to field trials everywhere.

An affinity for Afghans decided the Westminster classic, and out of 2,594 the surprise winner was really nothing

BUT A HOUND DOG

LINDEN HAD IT that Afghan hounds were the dogs chosen by Noah to board his ark. But despite the breed's aura of antiquity, plus an appearance both elegant and exotic, no Westminster judge has ever followed Noah's example by choosing an Afghan as best-in-show. Several times, however, within this decade the breed has come almost close enough to see its reflection in the coveted silver bowl. Mrs. Sunny Shay took in 1950 was only the third person to bring an Afghan into the Westminster best-in-show ring, but her white-footed, black Ch. Turkman Nizam's Laurel was passed over. Five years later Kay Finch's fawn, Ch. Tazjan of Crown Crest (SL, March 12, 1956), an Afghan with a formidable best-in-show record, was the usual group winner and a "best" contender. But, again, another got the nod. Last week, finally and triumphantly, an Afghan made it. Ch. Shirkhan of Grandeur, a young blue-rose dog owned by Mrs. Sunny Shay and Dorothy Chene, and a dog that had never won a best in an all-breed show, was the surprise winner of the biggest best of all.

But before the 15 short minutes which culminated in canine immortality for Ch. Shirkhan of Grandeur and understandable jubilation for Breeder-Handler Shay, the well-oiled wheels of the Westminster turned out winners for two days in 107 breed events. Here the judging, as is usual in dog shows, produced some upsets, including that of a judge, who balked into a sign and was briefly floored.

Again as usual, the dog which often delighted the spectators did not necessarily engender the same sensation in the judge. An English bulldog, for instance, obviously without a clue to the gravity of the situation, kept trying to roll on his back and play, and an Old English sheep dog, waddling down the center of the green tarpaulin, was awarded a sympathetic ovation.

"Sleep dogs," commented one middle-aged lady ruefully, "always get a big hand from the women. When they

see that wide hairdo they feel an instinctive rapport."

Humor waned and tension mounted after the class and group winners had been decided, leaving the ring free for the best-in-show judging.

Mrs. Beatrice Godso, a California sheep-breeder, the second woman ever



EQUALLY PLEASED. Judge Beatrice Godso—taking home her best dog trophy—and Handler Sunny Shay—showing painted Shirkhan of Grandeur. Both victors smile.

assigned to the task of selecting Westminster bests, started with the teams of four. Two quartets in particular seemed to catch her eye: Dr. and Mrs. Vincenzo Calvaresi's perky Maltese, their topknots decorated with blue ribbons, and Mrs. Howe Low's well-matched Norwich terriers. Mrs. Godso gathered her skirts and stooped to examine the terriers; they jumped at her affectionately. She then examined the Maltese, and they yipped aggressively. Dr. Calvaresi, a language teacher from Massachusetts, fixed them firmly with his eye and barked like a dog. They snapped to attention. He handled them with the ease and showman-

ship of a driver of an eight-horse hitch in Chomolades, and was ultimately awarded, for the third time, the special best-team-in-show rosette.

The best-in-show title went to a pair of English setters, owned and shown by Mrs. Earl Zarnach, probably the best-mannered pair to grace the canvas in many a Westminster. Asked to pose them for the battery of photographers, Mrs. Zarnach strapped off the collars, lined them up, and there they stayed, motionless, through all the noises and flashes that go with standing.

Meanwhile, behind scenes, in the Garden basement, last-minute preparations were being made for the six best-in-show finalists.

Ch. Shirkhan of Grandeur, group winner in the afternoon, napped in a corner of his bench, looking as unprepossessing as a pile of dirty laundry,

until an hour before the event. Then Kennel Manager and Co-owner Dorothy Cheneau, who had received a part of the dog as a birthday present, began the task of combing and dressing the fine, silken coat.

"I've never seen another Afghan with a coat this color," said Dorothy. "It's unique—a mixture of gray, silver, black and white."

The Dalmatian, Mrs. S. K. Alfano Jr.'s competing group winner Ch. Roadcoach Roadster, dozed on a bench, huddled in a white terry-cloth coat.

Jane Kamp, leading the working group winner, boxer Ch. Barrage of Quality Hill, acknowledged a supersti-

new all-nylon spring jacket



Sir Jac

Handsewnly crafted in pure nylon, this new Sir Jac is ideal for all sports—golf, fishing, boating, etc. Fits up to 42 in. chest. Washable, water repellent, stain resistant. Many popular colors. Only about \$5.95 for men, \$4.95 for boys. Ask for Sir Jac, Model 20181, at nearest good dress.

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Easy To
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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for beginners
and high-handicap
players

Once ART WALL JR., *Professional Golfer*, Tells You

When they are faced with a short chip from the apron of a green, most players feel compelled to try to loft the ball up to the pin. Their thinking here seems to be that every shot in golf, except the putt, has to travel through the air in a high arc and land right at the target. The result is that a great many golfers either use too lofted a club from the edge of the green or they make an even more serious mistake: they try to scoop the ball up—with faulty wrist action, if possible.

Actually, the shot to play from the edge is a run-up—the kind of shot where the ball is hit a short distance in the air and then gradually sits down and rolls the rest of the way to the cup, as a putt does. The club must be one of the middle irons— from the four-iron through the seven-iron, depending on the terrain and your own choice of clubs. (I generally go with the six-iron.)

To play a chip-and-run shot, the player must hit the ball first, the turf afterward. To do this, he must be sure and keep his wrists firm and to address the ball with his hands slightly ahead of the ball. The feet should be no more than 10 inches apart, the stance slightly open. With this unspectacular but sound method, you won't be leaving yourself eight- and 10-footers to hole. After a while you'll have five-footers or less.



There should be only the faintest suggestion
of wrist-break in the chip from off the edge

NEXT WEEK: ED DELUCE ON RHYTHM AND THE BACKSWING

SWAPS IS BACK



FOR MANY a Thoroughbred admirer, preoccupied as he may be with the racing futures of classically bred 3-year-olds (see page 18), the picture above should nonetheless strike a deeply gratifying note. It is the first published photograph of 1954 Horse of the Year Swaps being exercised after an amazing recovery from a dangerous leg injury at Garden State last fall. It also coincides with two important new developments in the glorious career of the greatest racer in California history. A few days before this picture was taken of Swaps being penned along a sandy runway at Chino by his co-owner, Rex Ellsworth, the 5-year-old champion was pronounced completely cured of a double linear fracture of the left hind cannon bone. And a few days following our visit to the ranch, Swaps entered a new phase of his illustrious life—that of a hopefully promising stud—by siring his first mare.

The life of the fabulous invalid was once despair of by more than a few knowledgeable horsemen. Swaps's recovery was not so much a medical miracle as simply the result of extraordinary cooperation by any number of individuals. Vets ranged from New Jersey and California veterinarians, stable hands and track officials all the way to rival trainer Surney Jim Fitzsimmons (who offered the use of the sling in which Swaps was suspended for so many dreary weeks). Most important of all was the personal care lavished by Trainer Mark Tenney.

Through it all—as his coat lost its luster and his weight dropped—Swaps himself cooperated with the intelligence that is the trademark of champions. Returned to his home in California this winter, he picked up in health and spirit almost immediately, and recently Tenney, in pronouncing him healed, reported, "The swelling

around the coronet has almost completely gone. He still has a few sore spots because of the foot's being in a cast and lacking room to grow. This naturally caused pressure on the hoof. These spots are getting better and at the moment give him no trouble."

At first it had been the plan to limit Swaps's 1957 stud book to about 20 mares. The first of these was a 7-year-old daughter of Owen Tudor named Yrqa, who was one of the 41 brood mares purchased by Ellsworth last summer from the Aga Khan. But now the talk at Chino is revolving around a proposed book of 40 mares, including some belonging to Co-owner John Galbreath and a few to Ellsworth's sometime associate Mrs. Richard Lunn.

Would Swaps ever attempt a come-back racing campaign? "It's too soon to tell," says Trainer Tenney. "But if so, it wouldn't be before the Santa Anita meeting a year from now." ■■■



HOME CROWD WELCOMES JOE AS HAYWARD WRESTLER LUNGES FOR INTEREST ONLY MAN WHO CRIES, 'HAYWARD! HAYWARD!' AND THEN SUBSEQUENTLY SAYS 'FUDGE'



WRESTLER WATCHES STRAINING HAYWARD'S CAPTAIN FOR HONORARY TRY-TO-POW FRANK CARRER. HE LOSE HOLD BUT WON MATCH BY POINTS

THE MUSCULAR MAIN LINE

Conservative Main Line Philadelphia has gone grand-nigrains. Wrestling, once the fastest-growing school-boy and college sport, has so captured the hearts of this usually staid, unexcitable society that board chairmen have been known to miss business conferences and society matrons have passed up bridge tournaments just to catch a prep school match. Perhaps the main reason is the Haverford School, which in seven years has won 85 of 93 dual meets. In these parts, Haverford plays host in Ryan Memorial Gymnasium in Lawrenceville, spoiler of Haverford's otherwise perfect 1966 season record. Coach Neil Hurdley (see page 24) had his Haverfords up for this one, and the pep talk before them was really unnecessary. Haverford's 164-pound tiger, Phil Burnham, was the first on the mat. He won with a pin in the first period. Similar efficiency followed with unbelievable precision. Haverford won eight of 10 matches to preserve '67's undefeated streak.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE DILL



ONE MORE OF LOSERS GETS THE ASSIST FROM TEAMMATE



HAVERFORD'S JIM WILSON SURPRISES WITH PINNED MATSUSHI



MAJESTY: KILLER OF WHITES: GOLF: PUNCH: SHOOTING: THE POWER: LOST: KILLER OF WHITES





CHEVROLET FLAMINGO DOGBEAT AT COMPLETION OF ONE OF NASCAR'S HIGHEST TRIALS OVER MEASURED MILES ON THE DAYTONA BEACH COURSE

DAYTONA'S SPEED CARNIVAL

Chevrolet and Pontiac were big winners when the Detroit task force fought the battle of the beach by the city's motel row

FOR A WEEK the sands of Daytona Beach, Fla., were gullied and peck-marked. Then, as time began to run out, a fresh northeast wind spanked the flood tide higher to pound the beach into a smooth speedway.

From the motel row along Daytona's Atlantic Avenue came the Detroit task force that had been sweating out the tensions of inactivity, and then began a week of fierce and resolute automotive competition.

For the spectators it was indeed a spectacle: magnificently prepared passenger cars speeding against the backdrop of the green Atlantic, sleek racing cars hurtling along the sands and sliding into the treacherous curves of Daytona's beach and road course. But to the giants of Detroit who moved onto the beach with unprecedented strength and determination, Daytona was a battleground in the climactic days of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, Inc.

They were days of triumph for Chevrolet and Pontiac, of shocked surprise and eventual success for Chrysler, and of reward for Ramblers, in the Speed Weeks' seven events: the top-speed

and acceleration trials for passenger cars.

Rivalries aside, the beach events reinforced these conclusions: that American cars with or without optional speed equipment are extremely fast, with phenomenal acceleration qualities because of their high torque at medium engine speeds; and that Detroit is becoming ever more involved in motor sports—a fact that friends of auto racing enthusiastically appreciate.

Ironically, the automobile industry is uncertain how to capitalize on the performances at Daytona. With congressional investigators now exploring the subject of automotive safety, the industry is moving very cautiously. Early last week the word was that General Motors would veer away from the theme of speed in its advertising after its current Chevrolet schedule ended, but after the Pontiac successes at Daytona the dictum was relaxed.

It is unwise, of course, to read too much into the beach competition. Top-speed trials are a traditional and exciting part of motor sport, but the speeds reached at Daytona would be illegal on the highways. Acceleration tests are

more useful (better pickup for greater passing safety is the usual example), yet neither kind of trial provides a well-rounded judgment of a car for the noncompetitive driver.

Also, most of the beach victories are won by meticulously tuned cars equipped with high-performance extras—cars that the average driver does not shop for (although more and more of these machines are going to town drivers).

Perhaps the most meaningful test this year for the average driver, then, was the Flying Mile run for Big Three cars fitted with a single carburetor and no special speed equipment. Chevrolet, which received plaudits for the effectiveness of its V-8 engine, swept the first three places. A Ford was fourth, and the single Plymouth entry, eighth. The winning Chevy averaged an eye-opening 118.194 m.p.h. and even the slowest among 12 entries did 107.593, which is not dawdling.

It was not as a testing ground for the less powerful cars, however, but as a vigorously contested sporting event for the fastest that the Speed Weeks had the most impact.

Factory-supported teams which conduct Detroit's stock car activities arrived weeks early—testing, tuning and returning many beach competition cars as well as the racers. Then the advertising and publicity men set up beach-head command posts along the neo-modern motel row.

Sporadic activity during the first week of competition on the rough beach produced two noteworthy performances. The fastest standing mile acceleration average ever recorded for Speed Weeks was reached by a supercharged fuel-injection Thunderbird, whose 312-cu.-in. engine was bored out to 338 cu. in.

Entered by Peter De Paolo, the former Indianapolis champion who (disguised as Peter De Paolo Engineering) manages Ford's racing activities, it was driven to a 98.045-mph average in a one-mile race by a De Paolo man and Daytona veteran, Danny Eames. It was a portent, also, of a serious Thunderbird effort at next month's international championship endurance race at Sebring, Fla.

For sheer speed, the star of the week was Wally Parks, editor of *Hot Rod Magazine*, who used drag-racing know-how to squeeze an average speed of 159.89 mph from a 1967 Plymouth equipped with highly modified 1966 Chrysler engine.

For the first time, a sports car race meeting was held during Speed Weeks. The amiable Texas, Carroll Shelby, drove his 4.9-liter Ferrari to an effortless victory in the feature race over the twisty airport course at New Smyrna

Beach. Shelby was equally effective in a preliminary race, The New Yorker, Paul O'Shea, once again demonstrated his finesse with a Mercedes 360SL, in winning a production-car event and the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* trophy.

Back at the beach, wind and tide finally scrubbed the sands; for the next three days the atmosphere was tant.

Chevrolet picked up all the chips on Tuesday. Cars tuned by Heary (Smiley) Yunick, the salty Daytona Beach racing mechanic who advertises "The Best Damn Garage in Town," won the Class Four (313- to 359-cu.-in. engine capacity) top-speed trials and the Class Five (359- to 405-cu.-in.) events, breaking the Class Five record by more than 4 mph.

Smiley himself, wearing a straw cowboy hat and biting a fat cigar, drove the Class Four six-cylinder car. His rookie racing driver Paul Goldsmith, a 30-year-old Michigan real estate man who went from split level to sea level to compete, rolled downwind at a slightly cross-beach angle to extract every advantage from the wind and returned smoothly into the wind to set a Class Five average mark of 131.076. Yunick's 102,157 average, although the class's only one above 100, fell below the 105.25 earned by a Dodge in 1954. Yunick, incidentally, won the Big Three event but was disqualified for using an outside tire.

Goldsmith, driving the highly regarded new 285-cu.-in., 285-hp fuel-injection Chevy (see *SI*, Dec. 16), led an amazing parade of 34 Chevrolets through the speed traps. Only one of

them placed beneath the two Plymouths and two Fords in the class. A motorcycle racer of the first rank for a decade, Goldsmith once broke both his feet in a bad spill.

It should be pointed out that Chevy did not compete with the best cars of its natural rival, Ford, in Class Five, because Ford's reply to the fuel-injection Chevrolet is a 312-cu.-in. supercharged model that just exceeds the maximum for the class and, beyond that, has been moved up to the long-engined Class Seven because of the supercharger. Nevertheless, the top Ford in Class Seven, placing third, averaged 130.658, which would not have been enough to win Class Five from Chevrolet.

Former Grand National Champion Lee Petty won a five-man, \$500 challenge race in a new high-performance Oldsmobile, shading Buck Baker with a one-way top speed of 144.528 mph.

Wednesday brought out the larger cars and the break-through by Pontiac. Not a high-performance name of note since the death last year of the factory racing manager, Lou Moore, Pontiac had persistently been reported in recent weeks to have an extremely quick machine.

The reports were correct. A young Tulsa racing enthusiast named John Zink, who currently is riding a great streak at the Indianapolis "500," his cars having won the last two races, made his maiden journey on the beach in a Pontiac that had been prepared in his own careful shop. The car has a

outboard

CHEVY VICTORY PARADE WAS LED BY GOLDSMITH IN FLYING MILE MERCURY CONVERTIBLE TOOK FLECHT TO RECORD-BREAKING 161.10



MOTOR SPORTS

continued

317-cu.-in., 315-hp engine—basically a larger Chevrolet engine) with a power package that includes three two-barrel carburetors.

On Tuesday the 28-year-old Zink bettered 111 mph in an unofficial downwind run. On Wednesday he made the south run with a tail wind at 149.132 mph and returned at 133.185 mph for a winning Class Six average of 139.371. That thoroughly creased a 1956 Dodge's record of 139.377. Other Pontiacs were second and third in class.

The best the Chrysler people had been able to urge from their big new 300-C was an average of 134.128 mph to win Class Seven. To say that faces were red would be to underestimate the case, for the 300-C with maximum speed equipment is advertised to have 300 hp, the highest in the industry.

Robert (Red) Byron, a former NASCAR driver champion who drove the leading 300-C, said the beach was a little rough.

The 300-C, in fact, did not approach the Class Seven record of last year's less powerful Chrysler 300-B, which averaged 135.373 mph. What Chrysler merely missed, apparently, was the tuning magic of the crusty gentleman from

Wisconsin, Carl Kirkhafer (52, Feb. 11), who set up last year's car but was sitting out the 1957 Speed Weeks.

When, hours after the trials, the Zink Pontiac was disqualified for having "an improper compression ratio"—a volume of 41.3 cc in the No. 2 cylinder combustion chamber, instead of 45), the sigh of relief from the Chrysler group must have been heard all the way back to Detroit. That meant Byron's speed was the day's fastest, for the second-place Pontiac in Class Six, driven by the trials veteran Joe Littlejohn, averaged 131.747.

Passenger car events on the beach ended Thursday with wholesale record-breaking in the acceleration trials.

The 300-C made amends in Class Seven as Brewster Shaw, Daytona Beach Chrysler dealer, averaged 85.873 mph for the standing mile, surpassing his own mark of 81.762 in the 1956 300-B. Thirteen other cars bettered the record, with the factory Mercury of Art Christman second at 85.511. This was in the nature of making good, too, for the flawless, aph-and-golish work of Bill Stroppe, the man who prepares Mercury's competition cars, is widely known, yet his Flying Mile entrants—with different-sized engines—were only 14th in Class Six and 11th in Class Seven.

Those Pontiacs came back again to take the first two places in Class Six, an Oldsmobile named Jan Stenstromer winning with 85.308 mph. Chevrolets in platform strength bested the Class Five, T. Winston Parker, a Virginian, was fastest, in a fuel-injection model, with 85.006.

Class Four and Class Three records went to Florida's Robert Reed in American Motors Rambler: 71.785 and 81.795 mph.

What had been merely a wonderful week for Pontiac became a glorious one on Sunday, at the finish line of the 100-mile Grand National Stock Car Race on the 4.3-mile beachhead course.

The Pontiac men had to wait for Speedy Thompson to win Friday's 125-mile Sportsman and Modified Race in a Chrysler-engined jalopy, and for Julius Timothy Flock, the old master of the beach, exhorted by his mother, who is called Big Mama by her loved-on help me, Tennessee Williams, to smatch Saturday's 100-mile Convertible Race from the Pack's hand-charging Ford drivers in a Stroppe-prepared Mercury, at a record average speed of 101.32 mph.

It was worth waiting for. Three racing Pontiacs led Sunday's race at the end of two laps: Zink's, which subsequently crashed, and two factory machines, one of which had mechanical trouble. These were tuned by a former Indianapolis "300" mechanic, Ray Nichols, who was not only making his maiden effort at Daytona like Zink, but was campaigning the cars for the first time.

It became a two-car race, a duel between the Pontiac of Everett (Cotton) Owens, a towheaded South Carolinian, and the fuel-injection Chevrolet of black-helmeted Paul Goldsmith. Goldsmith seemed certain to win when, with six laps remaining, he was forced out of the race with a blown piston.

The 32-year-old Owens, keeping to the high and dry side of the sands on the two-wide beach leg, as he had all afternoon, soon with an average of 101.6 mph, 9 mph faster than Flock's record 1955 victory in a Chrysler.

On his last lap, as Nichols heard out the race on radio, with a tiny speaker plugged into his ear, Owens was flashed an eloquent pig signal: "Cotton—88."

Then Pontiac pandemonium, as they say, erupted.

An interesting spectator named S. E. (Bunky) Knudsen, a GM vice-president and Pontiac general manager, headed for the winner.

"I am very happy," said Knudsen, "and very proud."

HOW DETROIT PASSENGER CARS DID AT DAYTONA

BUICK

2nd, Class 7 Flying Mile; 8th, Cl. 7 Acceleration

CHEVROLET

First 33 places, Class 5 Flying Mile; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, Big Three Flying Mile; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, Cl. 4 Flying Mile; 1st, 13 places, Cl. 5 Acceleration; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, Cl. 4 Acceleration

CHRYSLER

1st, Class 7 Flying Mile; 1st, Cl. 7 Acceleration

DE SOTO

7th, Class 6 Acceleration

DODGE

4th, Class 7 Flying Mile; 4th, Cl. 7 Acceleration; 32nd, Cl. 6 Flying Mile

FORD

4th, Big Three Flying Mile; 4th, Class 4 Flying Mile; 36th, Cl. 5 Flying Mile; 5th, Cl. 6 Flying Mile; 3rd, Cl. 7 Flying Mile; 9th, Cl. 4 Acceleration; 19th, Cl. 6 Acceleration; 4th, Cl. 6 Acceleration; 3rd, Cl. 7 Acceleration

MERCURY

2nd, Class 7 Acceleration; 11th, Cl. 7 Flying Mile; 14th, Cl. 6 Flying Mile

OLDSMOBILE

10th, Class 7 Flying Mile; 14th, Cl. 7 Acceleration

PONTIAC

1st, 2nd, 3rd, Class 6 Flying Mile; 1st, 2nd, Cl. 6 Acceleration

PLYMOUTH

11th, Class 4 Flying Mile; 34th, Cl. 5 Flying Mile; 4th, Cl. 6 Flying Mile; 5th, Cl. 4 Acceleration; 3rd, Cl. 4 Acceleration

RAMBLER

1st, Class 3 Acceleration; 1st, Cl. 4 Acceleration

SPEEDS ON THE BEACH: FINAL FIGURES

STOCK PASSENGER CARS (FLYING MILE)

CLASS FOUR (111 TO 120 CU. IN.)

	CAR	AVE. MPH
1. Seneky Yurick, Daytona Beach, Fla.	Chevrolet	102.137
2. Dick Jaffe, Orlando, Fla.	Chevrolet	95.797
3. James Quinn, Orono, Ala.	Chevrolet	93.112
4. Hal Martinson, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	94.874
5. Dagmar Moore, Wyandotte, Mich.	Chevrolet	94.325

CLASS FIVE (121-130 CU. IN.)

	CAR	AVE. MPH
1. Paul Goldenfith, St. Clair Shores, Mich.	Chevrolet	131.894
2. Jesse Pratt, New Lebanon, Ohio	Chevrolet	130.199
3. Speedy Thompson, Charlotte, N.C.	Chevrolet	129.519
4. Ray Palmer Jr., Saluda, S.C.	Chevrolet	129.604
5. Tom Helinger Jr., Knoxville, Ohio	Chevrolet	127.660

CLASS SIX (131 TO 140 CU. IN.)

	CAR	AVE. MPH
1. Joe Littlejohn, Spartanburg, S.C.	Pontiac	121.747
2. Jim Stansbaker, Fairview Park, Ohio	Pontiac	131.531
3. Dr. L. D. Morris, Mt. Carmel, Ill.	Pontiac	126.444
4. Ronnie Householder, Detroit	Plymouth	126.293
5. Bud Wilson, Lakewood, N.Y.	Ford	125.239

CLASS SEVEN (OVER 140 CU. IN.)

	CAR	AVE. MPH
1. Red Byron, West Palm Beach, Fla.	Chry. 300-C	134.128
2. Frank Ramsey, Abbeville, S.C.	Buick	134.744
3. Fran Hernandez, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	134.056
4. Edward Lyons, Grayville, Ill.	Dodge D-300	129.734
5. Jimmy White, Abbeville, S.C.	Buick	129.683

BIG THREE (NO OPTIONAL SPEED EQUIPMENT)

	CAR	AVE. MPH
1. Al Sisson, Cambridge, Wis.	Chevrolet	114.460
2. Lonnie Hillard, Palatka, Fla.	Chevrolet	113.849
3. Ned Decker, Sherwood, Ohio	Chevrolet	113.452
4. Joseph Blak, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	111.836
5. Billy Ewingell, Ludowici, Ga.	Chevrolet	111.798

STOCK PASSENGER CARS (STANDING MILE ACCELERATION)

CLASS THREE (117-121 CU. IN.)

	CAR	TIME
1. Robert Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	64.795

CLASS FOUR

	CAR	TIME
1. Robert Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	71.763
2. Seneky Yurick, Daytona Beach, Fla.	Chevrolet	69.392
3. Edsel Massey, Birmingham, Ala.	Chevrolet	69.311
4. Billy Mangan, Chittenden, Ohio	Chevrolet	68.753
5. Beulah Cowan, Farmington, Mich.	Chevrolet	65.876

CLASS FIVE

	CAR	TIME
1. T. Winston Parker, Williamsburg, Va.	Chevrolet	83.886
2. Tom Helinger Jr., Knoxville, Ohio	Chevrolet	84.586
3. Paul Goldenfith, St. Clair Shores, Mich.	Chevrolet	84.703
4. Erwin Bishop, Sherman, N.Y.	Chevrolet	84.112
5. Speedy Thompson, Charlotte, N.C.	Chevrolet	83.865

CLASS SIX

	CAR	TIME
1. Jim Stansbaker, Fairview Park, Ohio	Pontiac	82.206
2. Joe Littlejohn, Spartanburg, S.C.	Pontiac	84.368
3. Ronnie Householder, Detroit	Plymouth	83.897
4. Robert Standell, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	82.854
5. Al Sisson, Chicago	Plymouth	82.192

CLASS SEVEN

	CAR	TIME
1. Brewster Shaw, Daytona Beach, Fla.	Chry. 300-C	85.873
2. Art Christman, Compton, Calif.	Mercury	85.343
3. Fran Hernandez, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	85.066
4. Elton Lile, Hopkinsville, Ky.	Dodge D-300	84.408
5. Red Byron, West Palm Beach, Fla.	Chry. 300-C	83.887

EXPERIMENTAL CARS (TWO-WAY FLYING MILE AVERAGE)

	CAR	TIME
1. Wally Parks, Los Angeles	Plymouth	139.285
2. Art Christman, Compton, Calif.	Mercury	134.176
3. Fran Hernandez, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford	147.029
4. Vern Houde, South Gate, Calif.	Mercury	146.759
5. Carol Miller, Houston	Ford	146.978

EXPERIMENTAL CARS (STANDING MILE ACCELERATION)

	CAR	TIME
1. Danny Kamen, Long Beach, Calif.	Thunderbird	59.985
2. Art Christman, Compton, Calif.	Mercury	59.882
3. Chuck Daugh, Long Beach, Calif.	Thunderbird	59.312
4. Harold Mauck, Long Beach, Calif.	Ford Ranch.	51.262
5. Ray Striffler, State Hill, N.Y.	'32 Ford	51.262

PRESTIGE CLASS (TWO-WAY FLYING MILE AVERAGE)

	CAR	TIME
1. Eric Walls, Indianapolis	Continental	105.888



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SKIING'S CLASSIC GROUNDS

by HORACE SUTTON

The Arlberg, Austria's snow bowl, is where it all began.

For the tourist, the tyro or the terrific, it's still tops

DOWN the first Alps between Zurich and the coast and Innsbruck on the east there is a small chink in the great wall of Europe through which the journeyer can filter from Switzerland into Austria, indeed from the Channel to the Balkans. It is called the Arlberg Pass, a narrow niche four-fifths of a mile high. Tourists can cross it by car, and trains can run its tunnel, especially the Arlberg-Orient Express, which carries through daily en route from Paris to Bucharest, carrying its legendary complement of diplomats, demagogues and derring-dos.

But more important to many is the fact that on the slopes of the Arlberg Pass Austrian mountain men, led by the late Hannes Schneider, took the Norwegian art of skiing cross-country, adapted it for easy downhill running and made it, in time, a sport for everyone. This year, as the Arlberg celebrates the 50th anniversary of Schneider's first ski school, and therefore of the Arlberg technique, the slopes of the mountain pass are crowded with men of all nations who have flocked to its birthplace to pursue the white sport. Day on sunny day Finnsmen and Germans, Americans and Belgians, and Englishmen by the score crowd the Austrian inns to sip *Brennwein* and beer, fatten on *Rindsgulasch* with *Schneitzfleisch* and whipped-cream-crosted pastry and listen to the plaintive pluckings of the fiddle. But above all, they ride the lifts and the tows and go whizzing down the incomparable Alpine sides where 50 years ago it all began.

St. Anton takes its sport seriously. It's fashionable and Lech, which has grown so in the last 10 years, seems to be for everyone. Ski lessons in the Arlberg technique first began in 1907 when the Schuler family, who owned the Hotel Post, a popular summer place, imported Hannes Schneider from Stubai 10 kilometers over the hills and told him to open a ski school that would attract winter customers. Hannes taught the Austrian mountain troops in the first war, went to Japan in 1909,

and in 1936, with Benno Rytzka and Otto Lang, he came to the U.S. to ski on shaved ice spread over a make-do slope set up in Madison Square Garden and in the Boston Garden. Out of favor with the Nazis, Hannes brought his family to the States and subsequently took over the ski schools at Jackson and North Conway, where his son Herbert is now the mentor.

In 1933, the year before he went to



SCHNEIDER'S DAUGHTER, Herta Fuhrer, runs sports shop, St. Anton's latest.

the States, Schneider's St. Anton ski school employed 30 teachers. During the Christmas rush this year Rudi Matt, who ran the house and shop during Schneider's time in the U.S. and who is now head of the school, had a company of 80 multilingual instructors on the slopes. (Matt ran the Sun Valley ski school in 1930-31.)

Meanwhile the Hotel Post, which had, by most historical interpretations, started it all to promote winter business, was still being run by the Schulers. By all odds it is the largest, most elegant hotel in St. Anton. The Dutch royal family descends each year after Christmas, stays until mid-January. Pictures on the wall record the presence of the Averil Harrimans and Claudette Colbert. Its 82 rooms (half of them with bath) rent for about \$9 a day per person including meals and all extras. Most luxurious of all is a three-room

suite which Millionaire C. V. Starr of New York, an early booster of Stowe, Vt., paid to have furnished with pine paneling, oil paintings and wall-to-wall carpeting. The Starr chamber is available when Starr is out of town.

A delightful inn which fairly exudes a romantic, then's-a-small-town quality is the Mooserkreuz, a few minutes from the village. Run with fastidious taste by Franz Spitz, once the manager of Vienna's Sacher, it is outside the steep canyon walls of the village and its balconies face the full flood of the sun. About \$7.50 a day—room, bath, meals, tips and taxes.

Cheaper still is the remodelled 20-room Hotel Arlberg, which charges between \$5.50 and \$8.50 a day. The dining room looks out on the snow, and at night a two-man band (one virtuoso plays the drum and trumpet simultaneously) dresses the young, breezy-sweater set who dance until the earlier hours.

For those who don't want to cast their from home, this rent for \$15 a day, ski boots for 40c, and in a number of stores about town tailors will make up ski pants to measure in about 12 hours at anywhere from \$20 to \$40. The biggest shop in St. Anton, called the Sparthaus Hannes Schneider, is run by Hannes' daughter Herta, who came home in 1951 to marry Franz Fuhrer, a ski instructor. They offer Kariak and Kärtle skis at about half the U.S. price and Walsh and Strals boots (the Strals factory is in Lech) for \$40. Altmann's Vienna cashmere sweaters are about \$14, and a cottage industry turns out heavy sweaters in patterns copied from the Norwegians. The Fuhrers can also take 16 guests in spotless rooms over the shop which rent for \$2.50 a day, including breakfast, heat and tax.

Perhaps the best shopping of all is in Lech, a half hour's drive over the mountain roads. Ambros Strals offers a variety of high-styled sweaters and parkies, but in the back of the shop 23 men and three girls turn out 1,000 pairs of Strals boots a year, each of them

made completely by hand by one person. Some 70% of the Olympic racers of all nationalities wore Strodt boots during the last competition. The cost is \$38 even if you buy at the factory, but you can have them handmade to measure in about three days.

Down the street at Pfefferkoen's, a modern shop run by the mayor, Austrian daytime dirndl dresses by Lenz of Salzburg are \$12, silk and brocade evening dirndls about double. Norwegian-type sweaters at \$8 are cheaper than the originals.

Next door, the Taanbergerhof, one of the eight hotels (plus 16 pensions) of Lech, was redone in 1953 with Marshall aid, now has 60 rooms, 14 of them with private bath. The rate with the plumbing is about \$8 a day, and that includes afternoon tea, a ritual in the Arlberg. In the evenings there is an occasional Vienna night, with songs by candlelight, *Schwanenmusik* from the accordion, violin, guitar and zither, and wine poured from a bottle turned upside down in a bracket.

The Gasthof Post is really not a Gasthaus but a full-fledged hotel embossed on the outside with faring frescos full of *Gesellschaft* and *auerkraut* and on the inside with charms of fun, skins of mountain sheep, stuffed birds, plateaus, horns and breakfasts that date from the 16th century. There are 36 rooms in all, 11 with bath, including No. 20, occupied for a long time, before her death in 1951, by Ludwig Bemelmans' mother. A photograph on the wall shows Bemelmans during a visit lighting mother's cigar. He also found time to paint the bathroom walls with scenes of Regensburg where he grew up, Paris where he lived, and the Statue of Liberty which he adopted. Room and meals at the Post are \$7.80 a day, but if you want Zimmer No. 20 it costs \$1.60 a day extra, whether you look at the marels or not.

Besides its hotels, Lech and Oberlech have 26 pensions scattered at altitudes ranging from 4,746 to 5,194 feet. During the month of January and from March 22nd until April 15th the rates are as low as \$2.40 a day for a room and three meals and down to \$1.36 per person for bed and breakfast. Rooms in private homes can be had for one U.S. dollar with breakfast.

In mid-February, guests in Lech for the winter send to Witte's costume house in Vienna for costumes to wear at the annual fancy dress ball on skis staged at the end of February each year. Some, of course, make their own. On carnival day (this year: February continued



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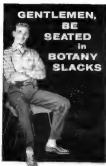
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FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

27), the renters and the manufacturers don their garb and follow the country band on a parade from one end of Lech clear to the other, a distance of about a kilometer. After that they climb a hill and ski past the judges. The prizes are cakes and wine donated by the village, and that night there are costume dances all over town.

The party seems to run all season long down the road at Zürs, a gay little nest of half a dozen or so hotels straggled between two broad, open, rolling, treeless slopes. Loungers sit on tall stools at the open-air bars, learners skim the nursery slopes under the tutelage of Friedrich Schneider, younger brother of Hannes, and the schussers rest against the T bars for the ride between the hotels, past the tall spire of the modern church, up, up into the white.

Perhaps the handsomest hotel in the Arlberg is the Zürserhof, first built as a private residence by a German count who later made it into an elegant boarding house as he could have some company. He left for Costa Rica after the Anschluss of 1938 and the house has since passed into the hands of Ernst Skardaross, once a waiter at the Waldorf in New York. It is still filled with brass fittings, silk draperies, chintz and linen walls, parquet floors, oils from Holland, prints from China. Gazets may appear in the graceful sun-diled dining room in almost any sort of sport garb by day and after hunch recline in the deep chairs on the

terrace for a midwinter tan. But on nights when the Zürserhof holds a candlelit dinner dance one is expected to appear in a dinner jacket or at least a dark suit.

Americans flock to the Lortzner, whose manager, Herbert Jocham, once of Sun Valley, coached the U.S. girls' team in the ski events of the Oslo Olympics. The Flecken is small, homely, fun and unpretentious and, although there are few private baths, there is a big porch right alongside the slopes where guests can take the southern sun wrapped up in fur rugs, in stunner chairs, all for as little as \$6 a day.

Before the war, visitors arriving at the Laugen railway station had to make their way to Zürs by horse-drawn sleigh. Now there is a road covered with galleries to protect the traveler from avalanches, and when the holiday is done the little red hotel buses take the skiers down to the rail line that leads to Zurich, and from there it is only a leap to London and New York. Aboard the train pile the English families with their masses of children. And the kids snag empty seats and shout after their fathers. "Deddeh, deddeh, this one's not hagged!" Then the train chugs westward from the Arlberg. Down in the valley the sleigh bells tinkle, the cowbells clank, and a hotel porter in a green silk uppers clambers along the snow-banked roads in pursuit of a mission. But out the windows as the train rolls back to Urbana all you can see are 10,000 Christmas trees like spearheads dusted white, every one pointed straight up to the azure cloudless sky. K.N.D.



SCHNEIDER'S HEIR. Rudi Matt, chats with St. Anton veteran at the Schneider ski school. Once Sun Valley's teacher, Matt now heads Schneider school, a booming proposition.

SNOW PATROL

compiled by MORT LUND

SPOT TO SKI: DUTCH HILL

Elevation 1,380 to 2,658 feet; average snow depth 20-26 inches; gently snowfall 12 feet; skiers fast gear \$8,000; season season Dec. 12-April 15

If you like to ski Vermont and want to save the hour it takes to drive north to the larger resorts, Dutch Hill in Newburyville, Vt., 29 miles from Pittsfield, Mass., offers worthwhile terrain. The 2,000-foot T bar has a 370-foot vertical drop down to State Highway 5. Trails from the top vary in character from a leisurely one-mile course down Dyer Trail to a couple of speedy half-mile runs over the minor headwalling Windmill and Christiana. To take either trail in a reasonably polished style is considered good going for any expert. For the novice there is a completely separate 1,400-foot open slope with two ropes. For the intermediate, Dutchman's Haulage (below) has

1 3/4 miles of easy going, ending in a 400-yard pitch that will shoot a skier over to the Dutch Boat cafeteria 30 yards away. Tips: from New York, 190 miles away, take the Taconic Parkway, then 44 to Canaan, Conn. Bostonians, 141 miles away, take Route 2 to North Adams, Mass. Heartwellville Motel & Lodge serves fine food and is within walking distance of the slope. Several Inns offer a five-day package with lift, instruction, lodging and meals for \$50.

AS OF FEBRUARY 17

Nothing is as changeable as the weather, so be sure to telephone resorts for latest reports

FD—top slopes, depth in inches; ED—bottom slopes, depth in inches;
CR—ski cross but not skiable; SN—inches of snowfall last weekend

● EAST

Dutch Hill, Vt. Two last good skiing after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Stowe, Vt. First major snowstorm of year gave area weekend of powder skiing, opened all trails except National TD 20, ED 20, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Mountain still powder skiing (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Big Snowing, Vt. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Green Mt., N.H. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Concord, N.H. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

Madison, N.H. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

North Conway, N.H. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

White Mt., N.H. Skiing good after snowfall (Sun. Christmas eve) Mon. 1 day held for record on Washington—1001-427 week-end. Known to ski with long time Market valley (beginning tonight) FD 25, ED 12, CR 1, SN 1, SN 12.

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THE THREE WORLDS of BIRDIE TEBBETTS

Portrait of a manager in a setting of snowdrifts and kitchen tables

by ROBERT CREAMER

NEXT WEEK in Tampa, Florida, a cheerful, bald, round-faced man named George Robert (Birdie) Tebbetts resumes his active, in-uniform duties as manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs. The major league's Manager of the Year for 1956 will direct his players in their early spring-training workouts, supervise his coaches and discuss the merits of his various players with his coaches and with his boss, the general manager of the Redlegs, Gabe Paul.

Frequently he'll find time to sit in the shade of the dug-out or the cool of the hotel lobby, and there hold court for succeeding clusters of baseball writers. He will discourse, with wit and knowledge and a nice command of the language, on a variety of subjects, most of them, though not all, dealing with baseball. Watching him, as he puts in a day (or a week, or a season) as manager of the Redlegs, you might be moved to observe that here was a man completely at home in the world, a man perfectly in tune with his environment—which in his case is the warm, hustling arena of baseball.

In this observation you would be correct, of course, but if you were to go a step further and assume that this was the only place for Birdie Tebbetts, that away from the lively, public glare of the game he would be out of his element, you would err. Short weeks ago this same round, fleshy face—surmounted then by a fedora hat and all but encircled by the upturned collar of an overcoat—squeaked over the steering wheel of an Oldsmobile sedan and through its ice-encrusted windshield at a driving snowstorm. This was on the road from Nashua, New Hampshire, where Tebbetts grew up and where he lives in the off season, to Andover, Massachusetts, where he was to speak at a luncheon of insurance men. He wore rubbers over his shoes, had snowstreak tires on the rear wheels of his Olds and carried an ice scraper for the windshield in the glove compartment. He seemed very much at home.

"Snow like this would cripple New York," he said with cheerful smugness. "Up here we're used to it. We know how to handle it. They have accidents in New York in snow like this because they're not used to it. Up here we respect the

snow. We know how to drive in it. We take it slow and . . ." A car came from behind, swung out, passed Tebbetts in an interrupting cloud of snow and hurried on down the road. Tebbetts stared after it glumly.

" . . . except for damn fools like that."

He stopped the car carefully by the side of the road, reached in the glove compartment for the scraper and opened the door. In the car Paul Sadler, head of the insurance agency in Nashua with which Tebbetts has been associated for the past 10 years, looked back at the road and said in his quiet, mannerly way, "Be careful, Bird."

Tebbetts made sure the road was clear, then scraped the ice from the windshield, brushed the snow from his coat, got back in the car and continued on his way.

"People ask me why I live up here, in all this snow. Freddy Hutchinson [the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals] is always after me about it. Hutch lives down there in Florida. He says you buy a T shirt and a pair of dungarees for the kids and that's all there is to it. No expense, and they're out playing in the sun all winter. Up here I have to buy snowsuits and sweaters and galoshes for my kids. Every time they come in the house or go out of it, they've got to be dressed or undressed."

Tebbetts pondered on this, thinking perhaps of Hutchinson's children, who at that very moment might well be scampering along the beaches of Anna Maria Island under the Florida sun. Then he justified his existence:

"I live in three worlds. Baseball is one. I love baseball. I liked to play it. I like to watch it. I like to talk about it. I think—if I didn't have a responsibility to my wife and my kids—I think I'd rather have a low-paying job in baseball than a high-paying one outside it.

"Then there's public speaking. That's a special world of its own. I do a lot of speaking. I was down at Hartford last night. There's this luncheon at Andover today. Tonight down in Lowell. I don't like to refuse requests to speak. It's part of my life. It's part of baseball. It's part of insurance."

continued

and when one town played a rival town it was a big thing. Lots of feeling and lots of betting. They'd import ballplayers to strengthen the local teams. I used to catch all around that way when I had the time off from school. You wouldn't know which team you were going to play for until you got to the field.

"This one time North Brookfield in Massachusetts was playing somebody, and I got a phone call asking me if I could play on a certain day. I could, so I went up to where the game was. Now Connie Mack came from around Brookfield, and if he happened to be in Boston with the Athletics and they had a day off, he'd let a player go out to Brookfield to help out. Well, I got to town and I went in the hotel and I told the clerk I was one of the ballplayers, and he showed me the room down the hall where I could change into my uniform. I was in there getting dressed when the

file easy." I was sick but I was sore too, and I said, "Look, you do the pitching and I'll do the catching." I was scared but I was damned if I was going to quit.

"After that first inning when we were on the bench, Jack Barry, the old Million Dollar infield shortstop who was the Holy Cross coach and who was managing Brookfield, said to me, 'Bird, you're used to college pitching. You're taking your eye off the ball as he throws it. You can't do that with a pitcher like Grove. Keep your eye on the ball all the way, and you won't have any trouble.' Well, I still had trouble but I got so I could handle him all right, and I got a base hit that drove in the only run we scored, so the day ended up pretty well.

"Back in the hotel when we were dressing, Grove said to me, 'Son, you go to college, don't you?' I said, 'Yes, sir.' He said, 'You committed to any major league team?' I said,



of athletic scholarships with Ted Murray of Nashua, a college baseball coach.



HOMER IN KITCHEN. Hilde—and his pretty wife Mary watch closely as their daughter Patty holds up her index fingers to indicate, not a steel-ball overstrike coast, but her age: 2.

door opened and this big guy came in. He stuck his head out and said, 'How are you? My name's Grove.' I thought to myself, holy smokes, Lefty Grove! And then I thought, my God, I either have to hit against him or catch him. When we got to the ball field, it turned out I had to catch him. I was about 18 or 19, a punk kid catching in college, and Grove was winning 30 games in the American League.

"We started to warm up and I thought, hell, he's fast but he isn't that fast. I could handle him all right. I was giving it the nonchalant routine, flipping my glove this way and that and feeling pretty good. Then he waved his hand straight down at me, the sign for the fast ball. He wound up and he threw and I never saw it. It went past my ear and hit the screen behind me. I never was so scared in my life. Grove came in and he said, 'Didn't you see me signal for the fast ball?' I said, 'I saw the signal but I didn't see the ball.' He said, 'I'll build up to it slowly.'

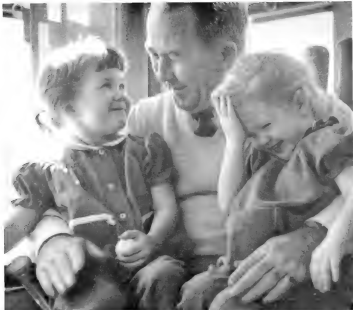
"Well, now the game starts, and in the first inning Grove throws nine pitches and strikes out the side. I dropped every pitch but the last one. Some guy in the stands behind the bench yelled, 'Why don't they put a player in to catch?' Grove came in to talk to me, and he said, 'I'll take it a lit-

'Yes, sir.' He nodded his head and then he said, 'I think you're going to make a major league.'

"Now about five years later I am a major leaguer. I'm with Detroit and we're playing in Boston. Grove's with the Red Sox now. We come from the clubhouse through the runway that leads to the field, and there's Grove sitting in the runway smoking a cigar. I didn't say anything. I was just going to walk past him, but he put his hand out and stopped me. He said, 'Hello, there.' I stopped and I said, 'Hello, Mr. Grove.' He grinned, and then he said, 'I guess I'm a pretty good scout.' "

In Andover, Tebbets was in his "speaking world." He met a couple of dozen insurance men, ate lunch and spoke, extemporaneously, for three-quarters of an hour. He and Frank Brigham, spy, 70-year-old vice-president of Merrimack Mutual, one of the many companies represented by Birdie's employer, needed one another during the speech. Tebbets said something in praise of mutual insurance companies; Brigham promptly dove into his pocket, came out with a promotional ballpoint pen imprinted with the name of the insurance company (complete with slogan: "We

continued



On sun porch Birdie jokes with his two plumper daughters, Betty, 3, eyes him with amused resignation, and less sophisticated Polly calls apart.

BIRDIE TEBBETTS

continued

Scampson with Wampum" and elaborately presented it to Tebbetts. "There's your fee," he said gleefully. "Keep it up." The audience howled, and Tebbetts, half turning toward Brigham, pointedly praised stock insurance companies, traditional rivals of the mutual companies. Grinning, Brigham stuck his hand out at Tebbetts and said, "Give it back." More howls.

It was late afternoon when Birdie got back to Nashua and swung his car into his driveway. It had been shoveled, but it was already beginning to fill again with snow. "Mary shoveled the drive," Tebbetts said as he got out of the car.

Inside the house he walked through the dining room toward the kitchen. His wife, a tall, strikingly attractive girl, came to meet him.

"Hey," Birdie said, smiling. "You were out shoveling."

"Certainly," she said.

"Why didn't you call and see if George or Jimmy could do it?"

"They're in school," Mary explained. "I wanted to get it

started. Listen, a man called from Lowell. He said the snow was so bad that he wanted to postpone the affair tonight, if you could give them another night you could speak."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I didn't know, and could I have you call him. But he said he had to know one way or the other by 1:30. I told him I couldn't get in touch with you—I didn't know where in Andover your luncheon was—and he said, well, they'd just have to go ahead with it then. He said would you be there? I said if you told him you'd be there, well, you'd be there."

Birdie looked out the window at the snow, which was still falling heavily.

"I wish I'd known," he said. "I hate that drive tonight. It was terrible this afternoon."

"What time do you have to be there?" Mary asked.

"Eight."

"We'd better eat early then," she said. "Do you want a cup of tea now?"

"Yes, please," Birdie said. He turned and went back through the dining room and the living room to the sun porch on the far side of the house. In the sun porch, playing,



with laughter. The odd coffee is constructed of baseballs and bats.

were two of his three small daughters. They shouted when they saw him, dropped their toys, ran to him and climbed up on his lap. He greeted them with mock formality that amused them greatly.

"Good afternoon, Betty. Good afternoon, Patty. Where is Susan, still in school?"

He sat with them on his lap in the corner of the porch, joking with them until they were roaring with laughter. After a while he let them slide to the floor, and they went back to their toys. He wandered through the house to the kitchen and sat at the table, tapping it idly with his thick fingers, talking. Mary set cups and saucers on the table, and cream and sugar. She poured coffee for herself, then turned back to the stove for a minute, frowning and sniffing. Suddenly she opened the toaster. Inside it was a kitchen sponge, about the size of a piece of bread, and nicely browned around the edges.

"Patty," Mary announced, holding up the sponge, "Playing house."

She turned back to the stove for a minute or two, then to the sink. Birdie tapped his fingers. He glanced at her impatiently once or twice and finally spoke.

"Mary," he said in the classic tones of the patient, suffering husband, "may I please have my tea?"

Mary turned and looked at him, a little smile touching her lips. She leaned over, put her arm around his shoulders, gazed into his face and said, very slowly and distinctly: "Why don't you reach out and pick it up?"

Then Birdie saw the teapot, quietly steeping on the table, not a foot away from his cup. His face reddened but he smiled, enjoying his chagrin as much as Mary did.

After dinner Tebbetts drove through the snow to Lowell to speak before the annual smoker of the Lowell Oblate Mission, a church group. The snow held up the arrival of the crowd, and this delay, compounded by a series of near-comic difficulties with a movie projector that was showing films of high school football games, put off Tebbetts' turn to talk until well into the evening, when the audience was restless and impatient. His speech, deliberately casual and informal, seemed to be well received, but Tebbetts, like all performers, wondered if it had gone over. He could not be sure that it had, and on the long drive back to Nashua the doubt rankled him.

A NEW BRIDGE IN NASHUA

The next day Birdie was in the world of Nashua. He had an appointment with his dentist—a friend, Dr. Nicholas Paragouliaz—to have a new bridge fitted.

"How's the swelling in the cheek?" Dr. Paragouliaz asked. "Has it gone down?"

"I think so, Nick," Tebbetts replied. "Though I don't know whether it was swelling or fat."

Dr. Paragouliaz installed the bridge and then warned Tebbetts that it would be uncomfortable for a while.

"You'll get used to it, though."

"Will it improve my disposition?"

"Ah, no, Birdie," the dentist said. "You have a good disposition."

Later, Birdie drove out to the Nashua Country Club for Saturday lunch with several friends. Like most fine athletes, Tebbetts is aggressive, sure of himself, a little on the eccentric side, but he nevertheless has a strong and curiously towering pride in his friends and a warm affection for them. Ordinarily, he savors these meetings with them. Today, however, he was unusually quiet. He twisted his jaw from time to time and occasionally pressed against the new bridge with his thumb. He left early and on the way home stopped off at his brother's house.

Charlie Tebbetts, a year older than Birdie and darker and quieter, met him at the kitchen door.

"Hello, Bird," he said. "Come on in."

Charlie's wife, Mildred, asked if they'd like a cup of tea. Birdie said he would, and then grimaced and pressed the new bridge again.

"That thing doesn't feel right."

"A new bridge?" Charlie asked. "Oh, they take a while to get used to."

They sat in the front room, drinking tea and talking about teeth, kids, baseball, the old days. As they talked, Mary came along the sidewalk. She wanted to borrow the car from Birdie, but once inside she sat down to talk for a while, too.

"This one," Birdie said wryly, referring to Mary. "I met her up in Montpelier one fall when we were barnstorming. Mary was secretary to the governor of Vermont and she had to be sort of official greeter when we arrived. I tried to make a date with her for that evening but she said she was sorry, she was busy. So I said, well, we'll just have dinner

continued

then. She said she was afraid she already had a dinner engagement. I said, how about tomorrow; we'll still be here tomorrow. Let's have lunch. She said she was sorry, no lunch. I made a big impression. Well, a short time later the Elks Club up there decided they wanted me to speak at some affair or other. Mary's father was the president of the Elks or the program chairman or something, and he asked Mary to write to me and ask me up to speak. Mary said, oh, no, not to Tebbetts. But her father said, ah, come on, please, and so Mary wrote me. Well, I wrote back and I said, gee, Montpelier is way out of the way, it'd be a terrible inconvenience and expense to go way up there to speak, and I just couldn't do it unless I got a fee of, oh, \$500. Unless, I said, I happened to be in Montpelier for social reasons, perhaps even having dinner with you, and then I'd be happy to speak. Mary wrote back and said, "Dear Mr. Tebbetts: The Elks don't think you're worth it, and I'm busy. Yours truly, Mary Hartsett."

Mary, listening to this, smiled at Birdie, and Birdie grinned back.

"I got her finally," Birdie said. "Married her in the fall after playing a season with the Red Sox. After playing a season with the Red Sox nothing could bother you."

"That wedding was a day," Hildreth said, smiling.

"That was a day," Birdie agreed. "Charlie was my best man, and he told me he felt faint, and I told him he'd better go inside off the altar and sit down for a few minutes. Mary's brother—he didn't bother feeling faint. He was sick. We got him off. Then Mary said her slip was falling, the strap had broken. I told her, let it fall, step out of it and leave it where it is. I learned the other way and whispered to the maid of honor to be ready when Mary turned to leave the altar and pick up the slip. That's the day I realized I could manage a baseball team."

A CELLAR IN THE SNOW

Mary borrowed the car key from Birdie, invited Charlie and Hildreth to dinner that evening and left to run some errands. Soon after Mary had gone, Birdie arose.

"See you tonight," he said and began to leave by the front door.

Charlie gently barred the way.

"Go out the door you came in," he said, honoring the old superstition.

Birdie looked at him. Charlie grinned.

"With my luck, Bird, don't take any chances."

Birdie shook his head wearily and went out through the kitchen. He walked the few blocks along the snowy road to his own house. Mary came in a little later, and as she started to prepare dinner Birdie went down to the basement to his "wine cellar," a locked closet from which he extracted two bottles of a delicate pink *vin rosé*. In the basement were stacks of scrapbooks covering his career in sports, and before bringing the wine upstairs Tebbetts poked through a couple. He stopped at a photograph of himself, catching for interest, blocking Ted Williams with his left leg as Williams slid for home plate. Beyond them, Joe Cronin, then manager of Boston, watched the play with anxiety all over his face.

"That's the greatest action picture I ever saw," Tebbetts said. "Look at the way Teddy's leg is twisted against mine. You can see how a man's career could end in a split second." He studied the picture with distaste. "He could have torn all the ligaments in his leg. And the hell of it

was, I didn't have the ball. Williams bounced off me and rolled past the plate, and he had to crawl back to touch it. The throw came in then and I jumped across the plate and tagged him. Cronin came over to me and—my God, here was his great ballplayer just missed breaking his leg—and he said, 'Birdie, what were you trying to do to him.' I said, 'Joe, I don't know his name. All I know is he was trying to score.'"

Tebbetts reached in his mouth, loosened the bridge and took it out. "Boy, what a nuisance," he muttered.

In an older scrapbook was pasted a sports column from a 1929 Nashua newspaper. Part of the column read: "The element of surprise and the ability to pull the unexpected is the most valuable requisite that a coach can find in his quarterback, and only one schoolboy in the entire state possessed that qualification this fall. That boy was George 'Bird' Tebbetts, master showman of the gridiron, and probably the most daring and fearless quarterback that Coach Ray Ferdleton has produced in his seven years of coaching football teams here. . . . Small wonder that a team will play inspired football when they know they are being quarterbacked by a boy who has faith in their ability."

Tebbetts snorted.

"It takes a lot more than faith and inspiration," he said. "It takes players."

Suddenly, despite the fact that he was in a cellar in New Hampshire with snow drifted high all around his house, Tebbetts was back in the world of baseball.

"Take the Redlegs. Everybody's talking about them for the pennant this year. Now down in Lowell I said we'd win the pennant. Well, what do you want me to say? I don't even know if they were listening to me, and maybe we will win it. But, my Lord, you've got to be realistic. Pitching is still the big thing in baseball. And in our league Milwaukee and Brooklyn have the pitching, deep pitching, strong pitching. Everyone talks about our hitting. All right, we have power. But it isn't sustained. It seems to me we'd go weeks at a time last season without putting together three base hits in a row. We need another good, steady right-handed hitter, one who can hurt the left-handers. Now take Wally Pate. First of all, for some strange reason, he doesn't hit left-handers well. And it didn't make any difference to him if a man was on first base or third, because he'd either hit a home run or strike out. And he struck out a lot more often than he hit home runs. We had power, sure, but we used it inefficiently. And with our pitching we can't afford to waste runs." He stood up, and the chance seemed good that he was thinking of ways to avoid wasting runs. "We have to finish third," he announced. "We *must* finish second. And we *may* win."

He worked the bridge back into his mouth, bit on it, grimaced and went upstairs, carrying the wine.

"I'm going to leave it is," he stated, setting his mouth.

"I'm going to leave it in. I'll beat it."

The phone rang, and Birdie went into the front hall to answer it. He spoke for a few minutes and then walked into the living room, a big, bearing grin on his face, the painful bridge forgotten.

"That was that fellow down in Lowell," he announced proudly. "He said the club liked my talk so much they wanted to know if they could put me down on the program for next year. For next year?"

Smiling, he sat on the couch in the living room, enjoying the happiness of the moment and waiting with great good cheer for the arrival of his guests, the coming of spring and, quite possibly, a pennant-winning season just ahead. For here is a man at home in the world. (END)

BASKETBALL: YOU ARE THERE, TELLING
Sire:

It was a great night in Lawrence, all right, and *Jabberwock* on the *Kear* (SI, Feb. 11) was a masterpiece. After reading it, we felt we had been there—yelling with the 17,689 that night at the University of Kansas Field House.

LUCILLE AND OLIVER VERNERLAW
Chicago

BASKETBALL: LITTLE GARY
Sire:

Congratulations to Jeremiah Tan on his article *Jabberwock* on the *Kear*. His mention of Gary Thompson brought back memories of the 1953 Iowa State High School Basketball Tournament in Iowa City, when little Gary, playing for Roland, Iowa, almost upset powerful Davenport, Iowa for the championship.

Being a loyal University of Iowa graduate, I had hoped Gary would decide on the University of Iowa for his college. But after seeing how Gary has pulled Iowa State out of its basketball slump, I am glad that he decided on Iowa State, thus making another small school a big name.

ROMANUS HOOCHER

Cleveland

BASKETBALL: SQUIRE TAKE NOTE
Sire:

After reading your article about basketball coaching (*Basketball's Underdog*) *Nitro* (SI, Feb. 4), I realize you can't start too early. You might be interested in hearing about two Washington, D.C. prospects. They have led their school to seven wins out of eight games played. They are Fred Hirtel, 6 foot 8, and Sam McWh-Tane, 6 foot 1. They are both in the ninth grade! In one game Hirtel scored 35 points in the 24 minutes he played. Sam averages 34 points, and as captain he has led his team well on the defense also, bringing in rebounds from nowhere. The pair are great basketball players.

PAUL BOOTH

Washington, D.C.

TRACK: HUMAN AND MECHANICAL ERROR
Sire:

As the person who promoted use of the Clinometer for the Madison Square Garden meets (*The Answer is "Who Wood"*), SI, Feb. 11, I am the last to question its value or its need. However, it is and cannot be more than "an aid to the judges." It cannot be a substitute for them. All too often, both with this device and with the Bulova Chronometer which preceded it for track room use, no picture at all was available. And often when there was a picture, it was difficult (and sometimes impossible) to decipher.

Officials in all sports are fair game for the press-box or grandstand critic. Track and field judges are no exception. True, even as you and I, they may occasionally "blow" a close one, but how often do you see consensus on the amazingly high percentage of times the officials' "called eye" judging has been sustained by the camera on close finishes?

The reference in your article to the Californian timers, if it is intended as a cue

upon their accuracy or probity, is entirely unwarranted. I have worked with the timers in both southern and northern California, and they stuck up with the best in the world both as to accuracy and reliability. If, on rare occasion, there may be some human lapse, please remember that even *Sports Illustrated* can on rare occasions flub it, as in the very article in question, when it refers to "averaging" the times of watches. This can never be done. If two of the three watches have the same time, that is the official time, regardless what the third watch may read. If all three watches disagree, then the middle time (not an average of all three) is the official time.

FRANCIS SCHER
Chairman, National A.A.U.
Track & Field Committee

New York

■ No star at California timers was intended.—ED.

SPIKE WERE WRONG SPORT

Sire:

Too much cannot be said of Spike Webb, this fine coach and builder of men and their characters (SI, Feb. 11, 18).

I was privileged to graduate with the class of 1930 from the United States Naval Academy, and took a brief course under Spike Webb.

Toward the end of the training period, Spike was giving the plebs (freshmen) squad a lecture extolling our individual virtues and/or shortcomings. I will never forget when he got to me he paused, smiled and said, "Cook is the best catcher on the squad," and he was right too!

GEORGE COOK

Alhambra, Calif.

SPIKE WERE DISCONTINUED MODEL

Sire:

Have known the one and only Spike for about 40 years—in my book America's greatest coach of amateur boxers. They just don't make 'em like Spike any more.

JAMES A. LON

Secretary,

U.S. Olympic Boxing Committee

Cleveland

BEARD: POINTS OF INTEREST

Sire:

Your article about Ch. Barrage of Quality Hill (SI, Feb. 11) was enjoyable and highly stimulating to boxer lovers everywhere, yet it is my belief that the illustration in the article neglected to include rather pertinent qualifications which are vital in any judgment of the boxer standard.

Your illustration shows that the ears are erect. However, it failed to mention that the outer lips should be free from gyrs or wounds that often accompany ear shapings that are cut free rather than clamped and severed. Barrage's rather tall ears represent the "American cut," which is a departure from the "European style," long the standard in this country.

In connection with the muzzle and skull proportions, the muzzle stop, a trait peculiar to good breeding, is important. Particularly it is the 90° angle formed by the top, flat portion of the muzzle which comes in

contact with the skull in the hollow between the eyes. The top gives the muzzle a definite sense of cleavage from the skull.

ALLEN MCKENROFF

Bridgeport, Conn.

WEIGHT LIFTING: UP AND OUT

Sire:

It was about time somebody gave weight lifting a boost (*A Big Lift for Poles*, SI, Feb. 11), as it looks the worse, not to say the best, out of all proportions. Just a little of it for the average guy, and what a difference in all sorts of chores! Even the homely operation of pushing yourself up and out of bed becomes transformed.

No amount of mountain climbing, swimming or tennis could do for me in 25 years what just three months of weight training finally did. I, too, used to think it was a pretty dumb kind of hobby, but it really becomes a challenge.

ROBERT G. WULF

Everett, Ill.

BECKY: HAPPY WINTERS

Sire:

My sincere congratulations to Richard Meek and Whitney Tower on their excellent pictorial story of Becky at St. Paul's (SI, Jan. 28). It was a timely and informative article that should bring well-deserved recognition to St. Paul's and the other hockey-playing schools of the East that are doing so much to promote that exciting sport.

As I read the story and studied the accompanying pictures I relived four very happy winters—the winters I spent playing hockey at St. Paul's.

REN S. WARREN III

Jacksonville, N.C.

CARTOON: ATTN. MR. KOHNHORST

Sire:

Just thought I would lend a helping hand to a fellow Californian. Seems as though Reader David Kohnhorst had trouble understanding the Check full of Nora-Bobson cartoon in the Jan. 11 issue, for he had to write to you for an explanation, which, by the way, you put across very clearly (*19TH HOLE*, Feb. 4).

I was just reading the Feb. 11 issue and decided that I wouldn't wait Mr. Kohnhorst confused again. Hence explanation of Emmet Kelly-Evin Pansy cartoon.

Clara named Kelly, whose salary already has been returned to the best ball club in the league in the way of free publicity, avows the jubilee of the St. Louis Woodpecker's front office. Man with cigar can be only one person, who although he has a synchronous name isn't the famous stage. He is demanding that his alias sign up Evin (if you're alive, you're heard of him) Pansy. He undoubtedly wants to get some new wiggle into his seams. It has been said in the past that "the hot dog made St. Louis." Maybe the beard-deguy can do even better.

Too bad the former owner isn't still around. Then you could have called the cartoon "A Sigh for a Sigh."

AL NIKERINO

Kingsburg, Calif.



Foto Koro

AVERELL HARRIMAN

New York's Governor Averell Harriman, loading skis here in front of the Executive Mansion before a recent outing, is no casual skier. Indeed, he is the Empire State's No. 1 skier, as his official Imperial might indicate. Although he did not take up the sport until he was 45 (he is now 65), he has become an accomplished man on the slopes ("His Excellency," once intoned *The New York Times*, "traverses the courses in form rated extremely good"). "There is no finer sport," he says. "You can ski as soon as you can walk and

keep skiing as long as you can walk." The Governor has run the slopes from Sun Valley, which he helped develop, to Moscow, where he skied on the hills from which Napoleon dourly watched the city burn. Harriman does not get in as much skiing as he would like these winters, since the snow falls when the legislative session does, but he is keenly interested in seeing that his constituents get skiing opportunities. He has said, albeit facetiously, that all new public schools should be built at the bottom of ski runs.

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen



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